

TLS Listings

continued from preceding page

Smith, David Ratanaka's "Iharavijaya": An introduction to the Sanskrit court epic (South Asian Studies Series). Oxford UP, 340pp, £19.95, 0 19567274.

Storey, Graham Dickens: *Break House* (Landmarks of World Literature series). Cambridge UP, 110pp, £12.50/\$19.95 (hardcover), £9.95/\$15.95 (paperback), 0 521 328179 (hbk), 0 521 310401 (pbk), 12/2/86.

Turen, Lewis The New Book of Fivings: A handbook of poetry. University Press of New England, 280pp, 516 (hardcover), \$10.95 (paperback), 0 87451 380 4 (hbk), 0 87451 381 1 (pbk), 1/11/86.

Warner, Eric Wood: *The Waves* (Landmarks of World Literature series). Cambridge UP, 110pp, £12.50/\$19.95 (hardcover), £9.95/\$15.95 (paperback), 0 521 328179 (hbk), 0 521 310401 (pbk), 12/2/86.

Wells, Stanley, editor: *The Cambridge Companion to Shakespeare Studies*. Cambridge UP, 290pp, £27.50/\$42.50 (hardcover), £9.50/\$12.95 (paperback), 0 521 267457 (hbk), 0 521 318111 (pbk), 4/12/86.

Wiley, Basil: *The 18th-Century Background: Studies in the idea of nature in the thought of the period* (1st pub. 1941). Ark, 302pp, £1.95 (paperback), 0 7144 0442 0, 4/12/86.

Music

Emmerson, Simon, editor: *The Language of Electroacoustic Music*. Macmillan, 231pp, £29.50 (hardcover), £9.95 (paperback), 0 311 07092 5 (hbk), 0 311 07093 2 (pbk), 1/11/86.

Kuwahara, Kim K., editor: *A New Orleans: Essays on Kurt Weill* (Companions of the 20th Century series). Yale UP, 374pp, £27.50, 0 8010544 4, 2/11/86.

Natural sciences

Mitchell, Andrew W. Th.: *Enchanted Country: Secrets from the mistletoe row*. Collins, 250pp, illus., £14.95, 0 00 217443 X, 1/12/86.

Nelson, Bryan: *Living with Seabirds* (Island Biology Series). Edinburgh UP, 203pp, £12.95, 0 55224 523 8, 4/12/86.

Philosophy

Bernard, David, editor: *George Berkeley: Essays and replies*. Blackrock: Irish Academic Press/Dublin: Hermetica, Trinity College, 171pp, £22.50, 0 7165 3395 7, 2/11/86.

Fynsk, Christopher: *Heidegger: Thought and history*. Ithaca, NY: Cornell UP, 240pp, £27.45, 0 8014 1879 8, 8/12/86.

Held, David: *Models of Democracy*. Oxford: Polity, 321pp, £25 (hardcover), £7.50 (paperback), 0 7456 0043 3 (hbk), 0 7456 0044 1 (pbk), 4/12/86.

Lewis, David: *Convention: A philosophical study* (1st pub. 1969). Oxford: Blackwell, 213pp, £7.95 (paperback), 0 631 15149 4.

Lewis, David: *Counterfactuals* (1st pub. 1973). Oxford: Blackwell, 150pp, £7.95 (paperback), 0 631 12497 7.

Margolis, Joseph: *Pragmatism Without Foundations: Reconciling idealism and relativism* (The Persistence of Reality 1). Oxford: Blackwell, 320pp, £25, 0 631 15094 X, 1/12/86.

Rosenblatt, Sandra B.: *Speculative Pragmatism*. Amherst: Massachusetts UP, UK dist. European, 213pp, £23.75, 0 87023 526 5, 1/1/86.

Wilson, John: *What Philosophy Can Do*. Macmillan, 159pp, £22.50 (hardcover), £7.95 (paperback), 0 311 09418 8 (hbk), 0 311 30919 6 (pbk), 2/11/87.

Poetry

Bartlett, Elizabeth: *The Year Is Dead*. Borealis Graphics, 60pp, (paperback), 0 947612 22 X.

Buchanan, Marion: *In His Pavilion*. New York: Blackwell House, 120pp, \$14.95, 0 8383 2217 4.

Scott, Tam: *The Dirty Business: A poem about war* (Blackwell Library). Harp: Louth, 62pp., illus., £2.50 (paperback), 0 446 857 14 0.

Stimmons, James: *Introduction by Edna Longley Poems 1956-1986*. Newcastle upon Tyne: Blackcat/Dunbar: Gallery, 202pp, £12.95 (hardcover), £5.95 (paperback), 1 85224 019 9, 1 85224 001 2 (hbk), 1 85224 020 2, 1 85224 002 4 (pbk), 1/11/86.

Politics

Campbell, Kurt M.: *Soviet Policy Towards South Africa*. Harlow: 221pp, £27.50, 0 313 34628 6, 2/11/87.

Compton, Ellen, and Laura D'Andrea Tyson, editors: *Power, Purpose, and Collective Choice: Economic strategy in socialist states* (Cornell Studies in Political Economy).

Ithaca, NY: Cornell UP, 422pp, \$43.45 (hardcover), \$16.45 (paperback), 0 8014 1981 6 (hbk), 0 8014 9435 4 (pbk), 8/12/86.

Reardon, Derek: *Coping with Politics* (Coping with Adulthood series). Aldershot: Duckworth, 182pp, £5.95 (paperback), 0 70445 49 1.

Dorsey, Gray L.: *Beyond the United Nations: International politics and law* (Rhetoric and Political Discourse Series, 5). University Press of America/White Burke Miller Center, University of Virginia, 111pp, \$19.75 (hardcover), \$9.75 (paperback), 0 8191 5652 3 (hbk), 0 8191 5653 1 (pbk), 1/87.

Ellis, Anthony, editor: *Ethics and International Relations* (Fulbright Papers 2). Manchester UP, 232pp, £27.50, 0 7190 1974 5, 1/12/86.

Freedman, Lawrence, et al.: *Terrorism and International Order* (A Chatham House Special Paper). London: George Allen & Unwin, 107pp, £5.95 (paperback), 0 7102 1141 4, 2/11/86.

Jacobsen, Bruce W.: *Pipeline Politics: The complex political economy of East-West energy trade* (Cornell Studies in Political Economy). Ithaca, NY: Cornell UP, 263pp, £29.95, 0 8014 1923 9, 8/12/86.

Laird, Robin F., and Erik P. Hoffmann, editors: *Soviet Foreign Policy in a Changing World*. New York: Aldine, 960pp, £25 (paperback), 0 203 24166 1 (hbk), 0 203 24167 X (pbk).

Marsh, Ian: *Policy Making in a Three Party System: Committees, coalitions and Parliament*. Methuen, 264pp, £29.50, 0 416 92090 X, 2/10/86.

Mishal, Shaul: *The PLO Under Arafat: Between gun and the olive branch*. Yale UP, 190pp, £14.95, 0 300 03769 0, 2/10/86.

Smart, Douglas T., editor: *Security Within the Pacific Rim*. Aldershot: Gower, 166pp, £19.50, 0 566 0246 6, 8/11/87.

Willschre, Kenneth: *Planning and Federalism: Australian and Canadian experience* (Scholars' Library). Queensland UP, Enn. dist. Dem, 333pp, £32.95, 0 7022 1938 4, 2/11/87.

Psychology and medicine

Anderson, Digby, editor: *A Diet of Reason: Sense and nonsense in the healthy eating debate*. Social Affairs Unit, 150pp, £9.95, 0 907631 22 3, 1/12/86.

Caroh, Alison: *Working with Depressed Women: A feminist approach* (Community Care Practice Handbooks). Aldershot: Gower, 166pp, £15 (hardcover), £5.95 (paperback), 0 566 05424 8 (hbk), 0 566 05100 1 (pbk), 8/1/87.

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Manchester UP, 228pp, £27.50, 0 7190 2295 9, 1/12/86.

Spiro, Howard M.: *Doctors, Patients, and Macbeth*. Yale UP, 261pp, £27.50, 0 300 03303 6, 2/11/86.

Westcott, Maureen: *The Feminist Legacy of Karen Horney*. Yale UP, 242pp, £17.50, 0 300 03766 6, 2/11/86.

Reference books

Hank, Philip, and Mark Pollimore: *Popular 19th-Century Painting: A dictionary of European genres*. Woodbridge: Antique Collectors' Club, 632pp., illus., £35, 1 85149 011 6, 1/11/86.

Rosemary Ashlin is the author of *George Eliot*, 1983, in the Past Masters series.

Kenneth Bullfinch is the author of *Race, Sex and Class Under the Raj*, 1980.

David Cannadine's *Lords and Landlords: The aristocracy and the towns 1774-1967* was published in 1980.

Mehcos Canny is Professor of History at University College, Galway, and author of *The Elizabethan Conquest of Ireland*, 1976.

Paul Cartledge is co-editor of *Cruce: Essays in Greek history presented to G.E.M. de Ste Croix on his 75th birthday*, 1985.

David Chandler is Research Director of the Centre for South East Asian Studies, Monash University, Victoria, Australia. His *History of Cambodia* was published in 1983.

Peter Conrad's *The Everyman History of English Literature* was published last year.

Nell Corcoran is a lecturer in English at the University of Sheffield. His study of Seamus Heaney was published recently.

Kate Filini is a Fellow of Mansfield College, Oxford.

Peter Heyworth is music critic of the *Observer*. The first volume of his *Otto Klemperer: His life and times* was published in 1983.

Theo Hopper is Reader in History at the University of Hull. His *Elections, Politics, and Society in Ireland 1832-1883* was published in 1984.

Arthur Jacobs is the author of *Arthur Sullivan: A Victorian musician*, 1984, which is shortly to be reissued in paperback.

Christopher Johnson is Chief Economic Adviser to Lloyds Bank. He is a Visiting Professor of Economics at the University of Surrey.

John Kelly is the editor of *The Collected Letters of W. B. Yeats*, the first volume of which was published earlier this year.

Ian Kerahaw is a lecturer in Modern History at the University of Manchester. His publications include *The Nazi Dictatorship: Problems and perspectives of interpretation*, 1985.

Helen King is a Sir James Knott Research Fellow at the University of Newcastle.

Jonathan Luxmoore is Executive Editor at the Institute for European Defence and Strategic Studies.

James F. McMillan's *Dreyfus to de Gaulle: Politics and society in France 1898-1969* was published last year.

Michael O'Neill lectures in English at the University of Durham and is co-editor of *Poetry Durham*.

David Papineau's *Reality and Representation* will be published next year.

David H. Plunkney is Professor of History Emeritus at the University of Washington, Seattle. He is the author of *Decisive Years in France, 1840-1847*, which was published earlier this year.

David Pryce-Jones's novel *The Afternoon Sun* was published earlier this year.

Simon Rae's poems appeared in *Faber's Poetry Introduction* 5, 1982.

Religion

Cyprian [St. Cyprian of Carthage], translated by G. W. Clarke: *The Letters of St. Cyprian*, vol. 1: Letters 55-66 (Ancient Christian Writers series).

New York: Newman, dist. by Mahwah, NJ: Paulist Press, 313pp, 0 8091 0342 7.

Gray, Donald: *Earth and Allure: The evolution of the parish communion in the Church of England to 1945* (Alec Club Collections, 64).

Norwich: Canterbury, 247pp, £10.50 (paperback), 0 907547 55 9, 2/11/86.

Halliburton, John: *The Authority of a Bishop*. SPCK, 104pp, £3.95 (paperback), 0 281 04224 1, 2/11/87.

Social studies

Cashmore, E. Ellis: *The Logic of Racism*. Allen and Unwin, 263pp, £15 (hardcover), £6.95 (paperback), 0 04 301255 8 (hbk), 0 04 301256 6 (pbk), 2/11/86.

Castleton, Julia: *Creative Writing: A practical guide*. Macmillan, 96pp, (paperback), 0 333 37863 6.

McCulloch, Jack: *Asbestos: Its human cost*. Queensland UP, Enn. dist. Dem, 290pp, £19.95, 0 7022 2001 9, 2/11/87.

Mojtabai, A.G.: *Blessed Assurance: At home with the bomb in Amarillo, Texas*. Secker and Warburg, 235pp, £10.95, 0 436 28429 4, 12/1/87.

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Food and drink, Oxford scouts, the Garrick Club.

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'AUDEN HOTEL' BY OLIVER REYNOLDS

TLS

The Times Literary Supplement

FRIDAY 26 DECEMBER 1986 No 4,369 80p

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Contents

- ARCHITECTURE 1439. BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS 1442-3. CHILDREN'S BOOKS 1458. CRITICISM 1441. FICTION 1456-7. FOOD AND DRINK 1454. FRENCH LITERATURE 1440. HUMOUR 1453. MEDICAL HISTORY 1445. MUSIC 1444. PHILOSOPHY 1452. RELIGION 1446-7. SOCIAL STUDIES 1455
- Philippe Duboy: *Lequeu - An architectural enigma* 1439
Jean Paulhan: *Choix de Lettres - Tome 1, 1917-1936, La Littérature est une fête*
Jean Paulhan and Francis Ponge: *Correspondance 1923-1968* 1440
Paul Eluard: *Lettres à Géo - 1924-1948* 1440
Barbara Everett: *Poets in Their Time - Essays on English poetry from Donne to Larkin* 1441
John L. Mahoney: *The Whole Internal Universe - Initiation and the new defense of poetry in British criticism 1660-1830* 1441
Edmund Wilson: *The Fifties* 1442
Anna Sebban: *Enid Bagnold - The authorized biography* 1442
Dermot McCarthy: *Sailing with Mr Belloc* 1442
Merryn Williams: *Margaret Oliphant - A critical biography* 1443
Malcolm Boyd: *Domènec Scarioni - Master of music* 1444
Peter Denison: *Pelham Humphrey* 1444
Richard Hudson: *The Allemande, the Ballet and the Tanz - Volume One, The History; Volume Two, The Music* 1445
Edward Shorter: *Bedside Manners - The troubled history of doctors and patients* 1445
Elisabeth Bennion: *Antique Dental Instruments* 1445
Dnn Cupitt: *Life Lines* 1446
Auden Hotel (poem) 1446
Jesus, scourge of money-grubbers 1447
Reminders 1448
Author, Author, Author 1448
Letters on Russian Emigré Writers, Oonville and Caius College 1449
The periodicals: *Dissent* 1449
The Panizzi Lectures 1449
Seventy-five years on 1449
- Commentary
Dennis Potter: *The Singing Detective* (BBC1) 1450
The Hobbitt (Fortune Theatre) 1450
Miniatura Veronese del Rinascimento (Castelvecchio Museum, Verona) 1450
Shakespeare: *King Lear* (Olivier Theatre) 1451
Oluspepe Verdi: *Nabucco* (La Scala, Milan) 1451
Shakespeare: *Hamlet* (Théâtre Gérard Philipe, Paris) 1451
- C.D. Broad: *Ethics* 1452
L. Jonathan Cohen: *The Dialogue of Reason - An analysis of analytical philosophy* 1452
Adrian Edmondson: *How to be a Complete Bastard*
Mary Leung: *A Piece of Cake*
Naughty Dots
Oerald Scarffe: *Scarffe by Scarffe*
Also Coren: *Something for the Weekend*
Also Clark: *The Comic Art of Reg Parlett - Sixty years of comics*
Olen Baxter: *Jodhpurs in the Quantocks*
Jilly Cooper: *How to Survive Christmas*
Jeffrey Bernard: *Low Life*
Richard Ingrams and John Wells: *The Best of Dear Bill* 1453
Kingsley Amis and James Cochrane (Editors): *The Great British Songbook* 1453
Harold MacGee: *On Food and Cooking - The science and the lore of the kitchen* 1454
Thomas Oliver: *The Real Coke, The Real Story* 1454
Barbara Briggs: *The Food Factor - Why we eat what we eat* 1454
Patience Gray: *Honey from a Weed - Fasting and feasting in Tuscany, Catalonia, the Cyclades and Apulia*
Hilary Spurling: *Ellenor Pettipiece's Receipt Book - Elizabethan country house cooking* 1454
Richard Hough: *Age of Clubs - A history of the Gerrick* 1455
Norma Virgoe and Susan Yaxley (Editors): *The Bonville Diaries - Journals of a Norfolk gamekeeper 1822-44* 1455
Christopher Platt: *The Most Obliging Man in Europe - Life and times of the Oxford scout* 1455
Carlos Fuentes: *The Good Conscience* 1455
Konstantin Stanysukovich: *Running to the Shrouds - Russian sea stories* 1456
Jan Wedder: *Symmetrie Hole* 1456
Short histories 1456
Alfred Döblin: *A People Betrayed and The Troops Return. Karl and Rosa - November 1918: A German revolution* 1457
Roy Gervard: *Sir Cedric Rides Again*
James Clavell: *Thrum - O-moto - A fantasy*
Michael Pello, Alan Lee and Richard Seymour: *The Mirrorstone*
Linda Arnold: *The Incredible Exploits of Ramington E.* 1458
Pat Hutchins: *The Doorbell Rang*
Tony Bradman: *The Bad Babes' Book of Colours*
Tracey Campbell-Pearson: *A War on Apple Pie* 1458
Hans Christian Andersen: *The Emperor's New Clothes* 1458
TLS Listings 1458-9
Index of books reviewed 1459
Among this week's contributors 1460
Fifty years on 1460
Crossword 1460
- Cover picture
Carlo Crivelli's "The Virgin and Child Enthroned, with the Presentation of the Keys to St Peter, and Six Saints". It is reproduced from *The Gemäldegalerie, Berlin*, details of which are given on page 1447.

Pinnacles of absurdity

Joseph Rykwert

PHILIPPE DUBOY
Lequeu: An architectural enigma
307pp. Thames and Hudson. £50.
0500 340951

The architect-draughtsman Jean Jacques Lequeu was born in Rouen in 1757; Marcel Duchamp, Dadaist (and, in a way, Surrealist), chess-master and joker was born just north of Rouen in 1887. Philippe Duboy was born about fifty years later and, at times, reading his *Lequeu: An architectural enigma*, one loses sight of the separate identities of the three men, since through Duchamp, Duboy seems to have telescoped himself into his subject.

Very little is known about Lequeu, and that little is bedevilled by the fact that another obscure architect, François Romain Lequeu, was born in Rouen a year earlier - and both often signed their work with their surname alone. However, Jean Jacques is much the better known, mainly because, in 1825, he gave a large group of his drawings to the then Bibliothèque Royale (now Nationale). His donation was varied and complicated. It includes a number of sparsely illustrated writings: on the "sculpting" and ironing of linen, on the casting of shadows, on aquatint, some unpublished drawings, as well as various collections of drawings which were housed in different parts of the Bibliothèque (mostly in the Cabinet des Estampes), a treatise on the geometrical construction of the human head which combines physiognomy and geometry after the manner of a Dutch contemporary, Pierre Camper; a group of obscure drawings; a series of projects for great public buildings: a church of the most advanced "neo-classic" kind for Carmelite nuns, a caryatid column in the form of a chained nobleman, and a tent-like National Assembly drawn during the time of the Terror, as well as a Napoleonic church of the Magdalene for Paris. There is a project for a new chapel for St Sulpice and a number of pictures of women in compromising poses (with a fly on one uncovered breast - making a rude gesture) and various portraits of a man (they all seem to be the same man) making faces: winking (this is labelled "the one-eyed man grimacing"), sticking his tongue out, and yawning. This last is most puzzling, as the yawner is wearing a bowler hat - and bowler hats were not worn until fifty years after Lequeu's death.

These drawings seem to have been executed from about 1775 onwards. During that time Lequeu had worked for François Soufflot, known as Soufflot-le-Romain, a younger kinsman of Jacques-Germain Soufflot, the architect of the Paris Pantheon; with whom he claimed to have exhumed the great architect's body during the Revolution to save it from profanation by lead-thieves. He also designed a number of buildings for clients in Paris in the Low Countries, as well as some interiors. Of these only fragments have remained, though a number of their drawn and engraved projects survive.

Later it seems he was employed as a surveyor and cartographer, and the drawings for which he is now famous occupied his leisure hours. Several times, Duboy tells us, he failed (as he bitterly complained) to have them accepted for exhibition by the Salon. On other occasions he advertised them for sale, once very obliquely in the English-language paper, *Galignani's Messenger*. This does not seem to have been any more successful, and Lequeu died out the remaining years of his life on a government pension, apparently in a brothel in the rue St-Denis. It seems that he died (by his own hand? in a duel?) at some point during the fifty years between his gift to the Bibliothèque and his inventory in 1830.

The drawings remained "undiscovered" until just before 1900, when they were described in a catalogue of the Cabinet des Estampes; a few years later they seem to have come to the notice of Duchamp. The artist became intrigued by Lequeu, to what extent and to what end it is impossible to tell at present. He is known to have borrowed some of the plates, and it is said that they looked somewhat different on their return. However, since only a few original drawings existed and no photographs, this is impossible to verify. None

of them was published until a Viennese art historian, the late Emil Kaufmann, illustrated two in his *Von Ledoux bis Le Corbusier*, which appeared in 1933; the same year other illustrations attributed to Lequeu (mostly wrongly) appeared in a book on Parisian eighteenth-century building.

Some time later, in 1939, Kaufmann published more drawings: in this instance either he or the printer trimmed off most of the inscriptions which pululate all over them. The confusing iconographies and allegories of Lequeu's text would in any case have been irrelevant to Kaufmann's thesis, which was that throughout the nineteenth century there was continuity, exemplified by Lequeu's drawings, of a "rationalist" and "classical" approach, of which Le Corbusier's work was

a trophy of geometrical instruments, though on a glued flap there is an alternative crown in the form of a three-dimensional cross. The rest of the plate is a highly feminine groto with a waterfall, dedicated to Isis. The central figure is a reclining nymph "of a singular beauty, in white alabaster . . . to this famous fountain" - the caption goes on - "women come to bathe and purify themselves by sucking the nipples of the fair, whose water tastes of milk". This is a representative specimen of Lequeu's prose, of his approach and the curious disassociation of his images. He is obsessed with the female body as a model on which ornamental details might be based. He is the only architect I know of who honours the traditional association between virginity and Corinthian columns by dressing them in chastity belts when they



Lequeu's "Tomb of Isocrates, Athenian orator . . . 1789. It is reproduced from the book reviewed here.

appear in compromising positions. It is those inscriptions however, with their idiosyncratic spelling and maniacal calligraphy, which are the most intriguing and suspicious part of the puzzle. Of course the watercolour images, though less than attractive, are intriguing in their own right. The all-pervasive female flesh always looks like inflated rubber; the landscapes with figures are clumsy, to put it kindly; the interiors are bombastic and sleazy. The portraits, uneven as they are in quality, turn out to include some of the best drawings. The "realistic" buildings are at their best when most influenced by Claude-Nicolas Ledoux, the greatest architect of the preceding generation.

But there is no denying the onerous force of some of the more far-fetched projects - like the one for a dairy in the form of a huge, caparisoned cow. Practically all of them are covered in inscriptions, some of which (particularly the obscene ones) are in Greek letters, transliterated French (like the one on the lower part of the drawing which appeared on the cover of the TLS on November 14); others are in Gothic script; some are part of the watercolour surface, others integral to the projected buildings. The largest number by far are extended titles and captions written in black ink over the watercolour.

Whoever he may have been, their author played an extremely elaborate puns (which are not always intelligible, since the spelling is far from standard) as well as numerical games. It is hardly accidental, for instance, that figure 100 (the number of completion) appears as a tomb for the author and that it also occurs in plate 33 (the number of years in the life of Jesus), in the largest and most important of the drawing collections, the *Architecture Civile*.

On the tomb the author's name is spelt "De Queux", and he is described as the "brother of Jesus, who has carried a cross all his life"; the caption explains that his body is to be embalmed in bitumen, and the tomb topped by

"eyes which do not see" of some contemporaries). Instead, Duboy approaches the whole corpus as if it were a vast, interminable, labyrinthine dream as recounted to a super-clever Lacanian analyst. He skips from one pinnacle of absurdity to another, spinning dazzling, airy cages of association. At no point does he come down to earth. If one is looking for information about how Lequeu's ideas fitted into the intellectual climate of his time, it is not to be found here. Yet he lived in the great age of Martinism and other occult-political associations, which purveyed the kind of mythical history that underlies many of the plates of the *Architecture Civile*. Lequeu "vanished" in the same year as Fabre d'Olivet (one of the great mystagogues of his time) who was said by some to have suffered a stroke, by others to have immolated himself on a home-made altar. Being initiated into occult associations and lodges was one of the sports of the time.

There remains the question of identity. Le Queux, Le Quen, Le Queux, De Queux, Lecoy are only some of Lequeu's aliases. (Lecoy, incidentally, I found on the title page of a little book on surveying, published in 1803, which must be from the same hand as at least some of the Lequeu drawings.)

And what of Duchamp? About ten years ago, Duboy suggested in an Italian psychoanalytical review that the whole of Lequeu's work and the evidence of his personality (including the baptismal certificate, which Duboy had located in the Rouen city archives) were fabricated and planted by three different groups of people, though Duchamp was at the centre of all three: the first one included Guillaume Apollinaire (who had catalogued the obscene books of the Bibliothèque), the second included Georges Bataille, the third, most recent and most brilliant, according to Duboy, was a "paraphysical" conspiracy involving Raymond Queneau, Jacques Lacan, and the very director of the Cabinet des Estampes, Jean Adhémar himself.

As someone who has only seen a few of the original drawings behind glass, it is not for me to judge if the accusation can be proved. That a plausible case could be put together from the original material, whatever the proportion of genuine to fabricated, is, in itself, fascinating. And it makes Duboy's book into a unique document, since the whole text is in fact a punning meditation by Duboy on Duchamp, Lequeu and on the joker in the pack - Le Corbusier. From the mid-1920s onwards, Duboy would have believed, Duchamp was meditating a "Showing Up" of Charles Edouard Jeanneret. He set about this by constructing the anti-figure of Lequeu and slowly feeding him to the outside world. Meanwhile the tissue of pun and association, of *renvois* as Duboy puts it, quoting Diderot's article "Encyclopédie" from the *Great Encyclopaedia*, has become virtually its own independent critical-paranoiac machine and some of the associations are irresistible.

The drawings in this book are *corpus delicti*, the complete evidence, as presented by Philippe Duboy, as the advocate of his true master and accuser in this case, Acteon-Duchamp, against the defendant Le Corbusier, Charles Edouard Jeanneret, whose crime was to misjudge and ultimately to "misplace" the artist in industrial society by an excess of creative vigour. The drawings are therefore the negative counterpart, the black mirror-image of the six volumes which make up Corbusier's *Oeuvres Complètes*. Whether one accepts the charge or denies it, this is how it is set out here. In spite of the inelegance of the presentation we now have the whole body of the drawings, excellently reproduced. It makes as definitive a study of Lequeu as we shall have for some time. The enigma of the title remains unresolved. And that is - perhaps - as it should be.

Marvin Trautenberg and Isabelle Hyman's *Architecture from Prehistory to Post-Modernism* (606pp. Academy Editions. £35. 0 85670 899 2) provides an overview of architectural history with particular focus on the causes of dramatic changes in construction and taste, on the origin of influence and what its effects have been as well as how technological advances - the elevator, iron, steel and glass - have shaped our surroundings. The book includes over 1,000 illustrations and seventy-four colour plates.

All passion unspent

Julian Symons

EDMUND WILSON
The *Willes*
Edited with an introduction by Leon Edel
663pp. Macmillan. £19.95.
0333 433637

First look of the index: a bad general principle for a critic, no doubt, but here offering unusual rewards. At Auden's birthday party Edmund Wilson remarks on the poet's awkwardness with women and his puritanism; on another occasion Auden expresses admiration for the "American dream" and is rebuked for using such a "sickening propaganda phrase". On a visit to *Ulysses* in *Nighttown* Djuna Barnes is glimpsed, looking like the Red Queen. Why did she turn Wilson down when, in Paris in 1921, he asked her to go to Italy with him? He had just given her "a little lecture" on the merits of Edith Wharton, and "I thought *Ethan Frome*: not!" In Richmond, visiting James Branch Cabell, Wilson is incautious enough to say that he has taken a seminar at Princeton on the literature of the Civil War. Cabell professes ignorance of any such literature: "We call it, he added, the War Between the States." In Cambridge, Wilson is delighted to find Robert Lowell apparently a man of the Twenties like himself. "I kept telling

him... that he seemed to me perfect: accelerating conversation, going off in all directions, interrupting one another, range of interest and reading, flares of imagination, general freedom of the world." Alas, the Twenties fellowship is a delusion. Lowell is entering a manic phase, and within a few days is in hospital.

There are many such glimpses in the book, equally revealing about Wilson and his subjects. It is his tactlessness that provokes Cabell, his rash raking over the past that prompts Djuna Barnes's tartness, his imperceptiveness about Lowell's manic exhilaration that makes him find the poet's company so delightful. It is as difficult to know how deliberately a Johnsonian "Edmund Wilson" is being created in these private notes meant for eventual publication as it is to know how much Johnson exaggerated his genuine opinions for Boswell's benefit. When we are told that Wilson calls a chicken "Pussy Cat" because he assumes that any domestic animal not a dog must be a cat, when he complains about the "little plaintive whistle" in his nose on waking, is he kidding or serious or somewhere in between? These matters not touched on in Leon Edel's informative introduction and notes. Whatever the intention, the effects achieved are enormously enjoyable.

Wilson makes two trips to Europe during the

decade, with his wife Elena and their young daughter Helen. They include a visit to England, but although he no longer finds American bathrooms more uplifting than European cathedrals (*A Piece of My Mind*), he is not at ease. As Edel says, he seems always to have disliked British people and their manners, and to have felt a fascinated distaste for local class distinctions and forms of speech. The comedy here is surely unintended. What about the rolled-up umbrella, he asks Angus Wilson, and what about the national habit of saying "H'm"? Angus Wilson returns diplomatic replies, refrains from saying that "H'm" is encountered only in fiction, and tells his namesake that the royal family has a kind of Cockney accent. He enjoys the company of Cyril Connolly, but remarks that the room where he is put up in All Souls is like a fourth-rate New York rooming house. (It was Leopold Amery's room.) He was appreciated more than he had been on an earlier visit in the 1940s, and that was welcome, but the uneasy feeling of being somehow got at by the British seems never to have left him.

Yet these are spots on the sun. The primary impression left by any of these volumes covering the decades is of admiration for the power of Wilson's mind, and astonishment at the variety of his interests and the voracious curiosity with which he informs himself about them. In the Fifties while learning Hebrew he becomes absorbed in the arguments relating to the Dead Sea Scrolls, and goes out to Israel to investigate them. He is concerned by the grievances of the Crooks in upper New York State, consults authorities on the Iroquois personally, attends Indian ceremonies. This result is two books, *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea* and *Apologies to the Iroquois*. Interest in the Iroquois had been prompted by their proximity to the family home at Talcottville in the heart of Wilson on his

mother's death, and he is soon immersed in the family history, studying, as Mr Edel tells us, deeds, genealogy, real estate records, wills, the result again being a book, *Upstate*. Result is very much the right word, for Wilson's concern fades as soon as the book has been achieved, passion fulfilled. He was in the most literal sense a man of letters, and found it natural always to give his thoughts public expression.

It is a mark of increasing age that his interests should be remote from the involvement with new literature and with American social problems that he felt in the 1920s and 30s. The shores of light are now far away, and he is considering instead aspects of the past: the possible merits of de Sade, the critical injustices done to Cabell, the qualities of Swinburne and Longfellow. In his personal life passion is not spent, but it is much subdued, and he dismisses love affairs on the side as too much of a nuisance. He spends much time in the magnificent Stone House at Talcottville, often staying there alone (his wife disliked its inconvenience, chilliness, remoteness from the sea), reading, writing, brooding on the family history and his own past. His mother dies, Edna Vincent Millay, the love of his early manhood, dies, he goes to the funeral of his old teacher Christian Gauss: "nothing but deaths through here". His own body is thickening, he suffers from gout, drinks too much, has more to complain about than a whistling nose. Yet although he must have known that his greatest work was done – the work in which he had been the rarest of critics, one perfectly in tune with the finest writing of his time – to make such an admission would have been deeply unwelcome. He may adjure himself not to talk all the time, but in fact can't resist doing so. Why should he have resisted when he thought, rightly, that he knew more about his chosen subjects than anybody else?

Taking heart against fate

Rosemary Dinnage

MARGARET O'PHANT
A critical biography
217pp. Macmillan. £27.50.
0333 33677

Margaret Oliphant (1828-97) was a literary phenomenon who is thankfully being rescued from a long spell of oblivion. Publishing her first book at twenty-one, she wrote well over a hundred novels and books of short stories, half literary and half popular, a score of books on literary and historical themes, and innumerable general articles on subjects ranging from Scottish national character to the condition of women, to Savonarola, to Victor Hugo. The quality of her work was at the expense of quantity, and ensured that all of it would unfairly be lumped together as third-rate, as she well knew. She wrote and wrote not only because it came naturally to her but because she was the support of seven people.

In her autobiography she muses with much anxiety and just a little bitterness on her literary life. In particular she compares herself with George Eliot:

I have done better if I had been kept, like her, in a mental greenhouse and taken care of... It is a bit hard sometimes not to feel with Browning's belief that the men who have no wives, who have put themselves up to their art, have an almost unfair advantage over us who have been given perhaps more than one Lucretia to take care of... I have never known what it was.

There is a touch of self-pity or self-approbation in this, she rounds on it very quickly:

I have been giving myself the air of being an *enfant terrible* of character than the others. I may as well say the little satisfaction to myself, for nobody will put it to me. No one even will mention me in the same breath with George Eliot. And that is just.

She remained, however, just a little feline about her fellow-writer: "These superior ladies are very awful people and of course poor Miss Brooke has got to have her heart broken."

The tragedy in this life of a very untragically disposed person was that her sacrifice of what she might have written was in vain; all but two of her children and adopted children predeceased her. The bitterest thought was that she thought that if it had been the other way, which would have been the noble, it might have been better for her. Who can tell? I did with much labour that I thought the best, and there is only a *might* have been on the other side.

She was, she added, "in very little danger of being my life written... for what could be said of me?" Mary Ann Williams has found enough to say of Margaret Oliphant to make a very readable biography, adding a judicious selection of her better novels.

She came of a Scottish family that moved south (the Scottish backgrounds and dialogues are always impeccable), a matriarchal family whose pattern was to be repeated with her own children. Her father took no particular notice of her or of any of his, her brothers were to live and be broken lives; but her mother was a formidable Scottish lady from whom her father must have picked up much learning. Oliphant wrote on an astonishing variety of subjects without benefit of examinations.

Even before her engagement to Frank Oliphant at twenty-three she had written two novels and had one published (the first, published much later, curiously foretold her own life as a noble sister caring for orphaned children, a brother goes to the bad). *Margaret Maitland* appeared in 1849, unconventionally the story of a sturdy Scottish spinster: "we are not of the Maiden Aunts have ever before been so favourable a representative in print". She was just under forty when she took to these responsibilities and she was to live to nearly seventy. The irony of her later life is nearly reverent. The irony of her later life is nearly reverent. The irony of her later life is nearly reverent.

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some time later she lost her eldest and favourite daughter. Those who argue that children were not cared for until this century and that the Victorians were inured to their loss should read the description in *Sir Tom* of parents caring for a dangerously ill child:

He went out upon the terrace in the misty chill morning, all damp and miserable, with the trees standing about like ghosts. There was a dripping thaw after a frost, and the air was raw and the prospect dismal; but even that was less wretched than the glimmer of the shoddy lights, the muffled whispering and stealthy footfalls indoors. He took a few turns up and down the terrace, trying to reason himself out of this misery. How was it, after all, that the little figure of this infant should overshadow earth and heaven to a man, a reasonable being, whose mind and life were full of interests far more important?

Mrs Oliphant wrote of her own daughter's death.

Here is the end of all. I am alone. I am a woman. I have nobody to stand between me and the roughest edge of grief... I have to bear the loss, the pang unshared. My boys are too little to feel it, and there is nobody else in the world to divide it with me.

The irony was that so many tragedies should strike someone so intrinsically cheerful and resilient; throughout the worst of times she always wrote on – "I'm a wonder to myself, a sort of machine... always fit for work whatever has happened to me." Her husband's death left her with the children, debts of £1,000, and her skill as a writer. With eighteen novels by now behind her (in general her poorer ones), she set out at once on a new novel, a seven-volume translation from the French, and a biography. It is not surprising that she wrote a little tartly of a more famous widow,

I doubt whether *naïve* *autres* poor women who have had to fight with the world all alone without much sympathy, can quite enter into the "unprecedented" character of the Queen's sufferings. A woman is surely a poor creature if with a large happy affectionate family of children around her, she can't take heart to do her duty whether she likes it or not.

(The Queen herself found the prolific authoress "so simple, quiet and intelligent" and awarded her a pension of £100 a year.)

For the first years after her husband's death, Mrs Oliphant wrote steadily, either at night or sitting at a table with the family. She was always overpaid and always paying off advances, but there were holidays and picnics and parties and good schooling for the family, and she kept any knowledge of her financial straits from them. Later she was to regret that. She made many friends, among them Jane Carlyle. Her writing matured, and some very good books – *The Perpetual Curate*, *Agnes*, *Miss Marjoribanks*, *A Son of the Soil* – were written during these years.

Then another blow fell. In the middle of one of her parties – "the long table and all the bright faces round it, the pretty summer dresses, salad, and pink salmon, and ornamented sweet tarts, and many flowers, the men and boys in their flannels, the girls in their light summer dresses" – a telegram came announcing that her brother's wife had died and he himself collapsed. He never recovered but became a permanent out-of-work boarder in her house, while she took over the care of the three motherless children. Her financial responsibilities were heavier and more precarious than ever, but her energy somehow rose to meet them. "My money is almost always spent before I get it," she wrote to her publisher, "or fore I get it," she wrote to her publisher, "or fore I get it," she wrote to her publisher.

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Your own children, how can you blame them to another? ... A mother's part is to excuse, to pardon, to hear with everything, even to pretend that she is deceived and blinded by the partiality of love, never to disclose her profound and unalterable discouragement.

Her novels are full of strong women and weak men. In some way her very strength and energy seem to have sapped her sons' confidence.

In 1900, as Mrs Oliphant went out of fashion, Henry James left a devastatingly patronizing verdict on her work, recalled by A. C. Benson:



Janet Mary (Denny) Wilson's drawing of her aunt, Margaret Oliphant, 1895. It is reproduced from the book reviewed on this page.

"The poor soul had a simply feminine conception of literature: such aliphid, imperfect, halting, faltering, peeping, down-at-heel work – huffing along like a ragged creature in a high wind, and just struggling to the goal, and falling in a quivering mass of faintness and fatigue. Yes, no doubt she was a gallant woman – though with no species of wisdom – but an artist, an artist!" He held up his hands and stared woefully at me.

This is a gross misunderstanding, a collision between two utterly opposed artistic temperaments – the one tortured and perfectionist, the other fluent and tough. Of course they cannot be compared as writers; but words like "fatuity" are totally inappropriate. Even the least of Oliphant's novels have taste and spirit; not for her the woodenness and sentimentality of Rhoda Broughton or Ouida or Mrs Humphry Ward at her worst (their heroines were always ready to "throw their glorious hair over the breast of any chance companion", she remarked tartly; "what need has a woman for a soul when she has upon her head a mass of wavy gold?") Of course period charm is part of the pleasure – silver tea-things in the firelight, suashina on mossy English lawns; but the mild humour that plays about the Victorian props is quite modern. A hereafter young lady closets bumble modern. A hereafter young lady closets bumble modern. A hereafter young lady closets bumble modern.

She takes much trouble with her subsidiary characters – older women, aunts (sometimes Wodehousean), children (nice and quite nasty). Spears, the socialist leader in *He That Will Not When He May*, is sympathetically drawn, though it becomes clear that socialism is something that one is courteous towards but does not take seriously. Though she does not write much about the poor, Oliphant was, like so many Victorian writers, sharply aware of their existence and at a loss for a solution. She seems to have hoped, like Mrs Gaskell, that restraint and goodwill on the sides of both labour and capital would suffice. The difficulty of redistributing money comes up in both *Sir Tom* and *The Great Heiress in England*, where a naive heiress tries to give her wealth away, causing

much offence and scandal.

The novels' mildness is nearly always spiced by some unconventionality. Mrs Oliphant is not fond of straightforward happy endings. The last words of *Hester* are:

And as for Hester, all that can be said for her is that there are two men whom she may choose between, and many either it she pleases – good men both, who will never wring her heart. Old Mrs Morgan desires one match, Mrs John another. What can a young woman desire more than to have such a possibility of choice?

The words are ironical; Hester does not much care for either, and longs to work and travel.

In *The Perpetual Curate*, one of Oliphant's mellowest works, the lovers are allowed a happy ending – but there is a satirical comment:

"How a young man like you, who know how to conduct yourself in some things, and have, I don't deny, many good qualities, can give in to come to an ending like a trashy novel, is more than I can understand. You are fit to be put in a book of the Good-child series, Frank, as an illustration of the reward of virtue," said the strong-minded woman, with a little snort of scorn; "and, of course, you are going to marry and live happy ever after, like a fairy tale."

The Ladies Lindores has Lady Caroline married off by her parents to a brute (unusual – her men tend to be weak rather than brutal); when he dies Caroline is quite plainly depicted as being overjoyed. Even then Mrs Oliphant was evidently dissatisfied with the happy ending that reunited Caroline with her true love, for she wrote a sequel about her disappointment with the gentle second husband.

She was not unable to write real love stories, though. Lucy Woodhouse's feelings when she thinks her curate does not love her are enough very exactly. She sits down on the sofa, "in a kind of dull heaviness, looking into vacancy". She is conscious, writes Mrs Oliphant, "of a terrible difference somehow in everything about her – in the air which choked her breathing, and the light which blinded her eyes... The world altogether had sustained a change." Again, in the old couple Captain and Mrs Morgan in *Hester* she draws a remarkable but unsentimental portrait of a long-lasting love.

One of the themes of the novels is responsibility, its acceptance and evasion – and the majority of her responsible characters are women. Nettie in *The Doctor's Family* decisively takes on her over-er-did brother's family – "I should scorn to cry about it. It is simply my business. That is what it is. One is sorry, of course, and now and then it feels hard, and all that" – but she is given a close scrutiny. "To fancy this wilful imperious creature a meek self-sacrificing heroine," was absurd, ponders her lover. "Was there any virtue at all in that countless enterprise of hers? or was it simply determination to have her own way?" Though Nettie is presented as a tremendous character, she is at first totally dismayed when her burden is taken away and she is free to marry him.

Women in Mrs Oliphant's novels generally accept me as they are, but with moments of scorn or rebellion ("You are only a man," says Nettie, with "a certain careless scorn of the inferior creature"). In her short stories Mrs Oliphant seems to have felt freer to explore the serious dilemmas of her women contemporaries; in one, a respectable middle-aged family cross the Lord has asked her to bear. Mrs Oliphant was a religious woman ("there is nothing else which makes any response at all out of the awful darkness in which, one time or another, every living soul loses some precious thing" but she has a certain amount of fun with churchiness, from Dissent to Broad to High Church.

She takes much trouble with her subsidiary characters – older women, aunts (sometimes Wodehousean), children (nice and quite nasty). Spears, the socialist leader in *He That Will Not When He May*, is sympathetically drawn, though it becomes clear that socialism is something that one is courteous towards but does not take seriously. Though she does not write much about the poor, Oliphant was, like so many Victorian writers, sharply aware of their existence and at a loss for a solution. She seems to have hoped, like Mrs Gaskell, that restraint and goodwill on the sides of both labour and capital would suffice. The difficulty of redistributing money comes up in both *Sir Tom* and *The Great Heiress in England*, where a naive heiress tries to give her wealth away, causing

much offence and scandal. The novels' mildness is nearly always spiced by some unconventionality. Mrs Oliphant is not fond of straightforward happy endings. The last words of *Hester* are:

Romantic aspirations

Anne Chisholm

ANNA SEBBA
Enid Bagnold: The authorized biography
607pp. Weldon and Nicolson. £15.95.
0297 78910

As a girl, the writer and playwright Enid Bagnold said a fervent and frequent prayer: "O God, give me fame." All her life, as this detached, intelligent biography makes clear, she felt a craving for recognition and applause. She had been social as well as artistic aspirations, and as the wife of Sir Roderick Jones, proprietor and head of Reuters News Agency in the 1920s and 30s, she enjoyed the position and influence she so much wanted. This book takes her writing seriously, and reminds us of her great successes (in particular *National Velvet*, published in 1935, and her play, *The Chalk Garden*, first performed in 1955); primarily, though, it is a vivid and, for an authorized biography, unusually frank account of a talented, determined woman who was also capable of great folly.

Enid Bagnold grew up in a conventional middle-class professional family (her father was a soldier) and escaped into a more exciting, bohemian world by becoming an art student in London before the First World War. She studied with Sickert and was sculpted by Candler Bristle. In 1912 she went to work for Frank Harris, writer, editor, poet and philosopher; and for experience, she was seduced by him in an upstairs room at the Café Royal in 1913, when she was twenty-three and he fifty-five – an event she revealed with great aplomb in her autobiography, published when she was eighty. Her true love, however, according to her biographer, was Prince Antoine Bibesco, who urged her to write, but after a brief love affair dropped her to marry Elizabeth Asquith, daughter of the former Prime Minister. Her first book, *A Diary Without Dates*, was a spirited account of working as a VAD in a London hospital during the war; it was published in 1918 and gave her a literary reputation overnight.

In 1920 she married Sir Roderick Jones, described here as "a small, dapper, self-made man", to whom she was introduced in a spirit of match-making by Lady Sackville, mother of her friend Vita Sackville-West. At forty-two, he was eleven years older than Enid and about a foot shorter. Whereas she was original and independent, he had the reputation of being deeply conventional and an autocrat. Her biographer writes perceptively about the success of this risky marriage, which was happy, despite her hatred of domestic concerns and Sir Roderick's penchant for very young, pretty, malleable girls. Enid had her writing, a series

of romantic friendships with other men, and, above all, their four children, to whom she was passionately devoted.

One of her close friendships during the late 1920s and early 1930s, when the Joneses had a grand London house in Hyde Park Gate and their social standing was at its height, was with Albrecht Bernstorff, a German diplomat who was strongly anti-Nazi. Her feelings for him did not prevent her from finding Hitler's Germany exciting and attractive.

On a visit to Germany in 1933, after Hitler took over, she wrote to her husband of her contempt for ineffectual liberalism: "The tone of the *New Statesman* and the tone of the Hitler movement is the difference between life and death." She then wrote an article in praise of Hitler's Germany for *The Times* (and apparently received "scores" of approving letters), toyed with the idea of joining Mosley's Blackshirts, and continued to find much to admire in Nazism.

Sebba does not perhaps sufficiently explore the implications of Bagnold's pro-Nazi views, nor set them in the context of the time. She notes that the Joneses more than once entertained Ribbentrop, who became German Ambassador to London in 1936, and has discovered, from the Reuters archives, that Sir Roderick offered through Ribbentrop to obtain a statement from Hitler "and then to render the Reuters organisation available for its distribution all over the world". It is clear that Sir Roderick, "head of Europe's biggest non-governmental source of information" and supposedly non-partisan, endorsed his wife's views. Given that Ribbentrop's express aim was to improve the image of the Nazi régime by cultivating influential people, the attitudes of the Joneses played into his hands.

It is interesting to note that their views appear to have done the Joneses little damage. In private, afterwards, Enid admitted that she had been wrong. When she wrote her autobiography she did not reveal the extent of her delusions, but confessed to a friend: "I should have known, but I have frightful gaps in my intelligence."

As she grew older and her children moved away, and especially after Sir Roderick died in 1962, Enid Bagnold's formidable energies were focused on her writing for the stage. She endured flops and bad reviews; in 1977, half crippled after a hip operation, which left her addicted to morphine, she flew with a private nurse in attendance to Philadelphia, where Katherine Hepburn opened in a much revised version of her play about *Leviathan*, *A Matter of Gravity*. "They say people can't feel as much when they are old," she wrote. "They can." She died in 1981, aged ninety-two, leaving instructions that a vein was to be opened to ensure that she was not buried alive.

Tacking the old-fashioned way

T. J. Binyon

DERMOD MACCARTHY
Sailing with Mr Belloc
172pp. Collins Harvill. £12.
000 272775

In 1931 Dermot MacCarthy, a twenty-year-old medical student, the second son of the literary critic Desmond MacCarthy, was invited by Hilaira Belloc, then in his sixties, to sail with him on the first cruise of Belloc's new boat, the Jersey, recently presented to him at a cost of £366 by a group of friends – Frances Phipps, Mary Herbert, Elizabeth Herbert, Duff Cooper and others – to replace his beloved Nona, which had ended her days in 1927, demolished and sunk in a harbour on the Normandy coast. The first voyage was only a moderate success, disaster being narrowly averted when the Jersey missed staying twice off Avil Point on the Purbeck coast, and, to avoid being driven on the rocks, had to be gybed all-attending.

Throughout the 1930s Dermot MacCarthy regularly sailed the Jersey, with and without Mr Belloc – who was extraordinarily generous in lending her to his young friends – until she was finally laid up in a mud berth on Canvey Island just before the war. This book is a collection of short pieces devoted to the more memorable sailing experiences of these years: the Avil Point affair; cruises along the south coast; a Channel crossing to Boulogne, followed by a visit to the battlefield of Crécy; panic when the Jersey springs a bad leak on a passage between Folkestone and Shoreham; even greater panic when the same thing happens between Belgium and Harwich; a dismasting in mid-channel; a crossing to Ostend; a voyage from Ostend to Flushing and then through the Island of Walcheren by the Veere canal; a waterway which was almost too narrow for the engineless Jersey to tack in; and the final trip from Pilt Mill on the Orwell above Harwich to Hole Haven on Canvey Island.

To these sailing reminiscences are added a number of affectionate studies of Belloc in various moods: singing Victorian popular songs quietly to himself in a pleasant tenor voice; describing the battle of Crécy; fulminating

against harbour masters; expressing his views on riding lights, errors in navigation, Madeira (good Madeira rare; if found, buy the whole stock), Burgundy (the Belgians buy it all; Brussels full of it), and Richard Coeur de Lion ("a bullet-headed Frenchman, covered with pimples, and probably a bugger"); or gloomily contemplating the expense consequent on fouling the Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, harbour yacht-mooring ground-chain with the Jersey's anchor.

As a character, however, Belloc is almost overshadowed by the Jersey herself, a pilot cutter built in the Channel Islands in 1846, the subject of a lengthy and fascinating description. The author sketches her lines, a compromise between the English and French boat-building styles, illustrates her rigging – she was a gaff cutter, with shrouds set up with lanyards and dead-eyes, which gave her a distinctly old-fashioned look; and sported a suit of tanned sails, originally the property of a Brixham trawler. He speaks feelingly of her tasks, large and small, enumerates her pumps (she had, and needed, no fewer than three), draws her antique and cumbersome windlass, describes Belloc's sleeping arrangements (an inflatable rubber mattress on a kind of trestle table); and touches on the sanitary side (a bucket with a rope attached to its handle). The Jersey had no galley: the crew lived off corned beef, pickles and julienne soup heated on a primus stove; washed down with dozens of bottles of good dark wine, bottled on the ground floor of the mill at Belloc's home, King's Land in Sussex.

The text is complemented by a wonderful set of photographs, amateur snapshots, for the most part, which depict Belloc in a variety of poses – most typically, perhaps, navigating coastwise with binoculars, pince-nez on ribbons, and a chair and mug of wine to hand. Also memorable are a portrait of Lord Stanlay of Alderney in his preferred yachting costume – plus-fours, walking shoes and a trilby – and one of Belloc's agent, A. D. Peters, who, in a pleasing reversal of the normal agent/author relationship, grinds doggedly away at the capstan.

In fact, the book is extraordinarily pleasing and of immense charm. It is sad that the author, during the war a Surgeon-Lieutenant in the RNVR and later a paediatrician, should have died shortly before it was published.

1443

Melodic flight

Winton Dean

MALCOLM BOYD
Domenico Scarlatti: Master of music
302pp. Weldonfeld and Nicolson. £20.
0297 78997X

Domenico Scarlatti is one of the most elusive of the great composers. Brought up by his famous father in the Italian tradition of theatre and church music, he migrated in his thirties to the Iberian peninsula, seldom revisited Italy and developed a keyboard style of great originality quite unlike that of his predecessors, contemporaries or successors. This cannot be due simply to his place of residence. Plenty of Italian musicians worked in Portugal and Spain, and local composers like Almeida and Terradellas employed the almost universal Italian idiom. The scanty evidence points to a conscious attempt on Domenico's part to escape from the dominating presence and perhaps the rivalry of his father. Alessandro seems to have been a decidedly heavy parent, to judge from a legal document of 1717 whereby he was compelled against his will to grant Domenico, aged thirty-one, emancipation "from all paternal control and obligations".

Domenico's early career is tolerably clear, at least in outline. Doubtless at the instance of his father, he obtained a post in the Naples royal chapel at the age of sixteen and an invitation to compose operas there two years later. In 1705 Alessandro sent him to Venice, then the leading operatic centre in Europe, together with a strong recommendation to the Florentine court, describing him as "an eagle whose wings are grown; he should not stay idle in the nest, and I must not hinder his flight". He won no recognition in Venice, where he may have studied with Alessandro's friend Francesco Gasparini, and where he certainly met Handel and probably Vivaldi. From 1708 to 1719 he was in Rome, for five years in the service of the widowed Queen Maria Casimira of Poland, for whose private theatre he composed seven operas, and then in two church appointments. Most of his known sacred music and of his fifty-odd chamber cantatas probably dates from these years.

We do not know when he went to Portugal. In 1719 he left a safe job to Rome and disappears from view. Recent evidence appears to place him in Palermo in 1720, but in his new book Malcolm Boyd does not wholly dismiss the tradition that he went to London for the production of his opera *Narciso* at the Haymarket that year, though no concrete evidence has been found to support this. From about 1723 he was *maître de chapelle* in Lisbon, and music master to the young Infanta Maria Barbara, later Queen of Spain, for whom he composed the great majority of his keyboard sonatas, and he remained with her for the rest of his life, moving to Seville on her marriage in 1729 and in 1733 to Madrid. Apart from this and a few external facts – two marriages, nine or ten children, a knighthood in 1738 – extraordinarily little is known about his mature years. He apparently took no part in the operatic enterprises organized by Farinelli in Madrid. His character and personality are a blank, other than what can be deduced from his music, though he is said to have been addicted to gambling. Only one late letter and one musical autograph are known. (It would have been worth reproducing them in this book.) The single portrait (c.1740), discovered as recently as 1956, demolishes one of the few legends about him: that he grew too fat to cross his hands at the keyboard. Another, concerning the origin of the so-called Cat's Fugue, can be disproved, as Boyd duly remarks, by anyone who possesses both a piano and a cat.

Malcolm Boyd, author of the admirable volume on Bach in the *Master Musicians* series, makes valiant efforts to penetrate the fog, but can add few facts to the account in Ralph Kirkpatrick's pioneer study. Though fully appreciating the keyboard sonatas, he is rightly concerned to assess the earlier vocal works, usually dismissed as of little interest. Here he is consistently frustrated by the disappearance of so much material, both documentary and musical. Of a dozen operas only three survive, apart from a few fragments, one of them an untypical intermezzo with a singularly coarse libretto, another (*Narciso*) in a

later arrangement by a different hand. Of an equal number of serenatas and oratorios we have half of one serenata. The cantatas present difficulties of dating and ascription, due to confusion between members of the numerous Scarlatti dynasty.

While Boyd is in general too good a scholar to make exaggerated claims, anxiety to see justice done once or twice brings him near the edge. Domenico was hardly "a remarkably successful" opera composer – his operas were



The actor Manock in travesty in Covent Garden's Achilles in Peticos, an adaptation of John Gay's Achilles; reproduced from English Theatre Music in the Eighteenth Century by Roger Fiske, the second edition of which has recently appeared (684pp. Oxford University Press. £55. 0 193 16409 4).

seldom revived – and the statement with regard to his last opera, *Berenice* (1718), that "Scarlatti shows as strong a dramatic sense as Handel and a melodic gift scarcely inferior" should have been supported by quotation from the four arias set by both composers (Scarlatti's are unpublished). The single Rooco opera to survive in its original form, *Telide in Sciro*, Boyd ranks above the average score of the day, but he finds no dramatic conviction in any of the characters, which surely is to damn it with faint praise. His quotations from the operas and early cantatas suggest the overwhelming influence of Alessandro, especially in *scilicet* movements, though he may be right to identify a delight in bold contrasts as characteristic of Domenico. The incomplete published excerpts from *Narciso* tend to confirm this; but it is also typical of Alessandro, whose operas, like Handel's, stand at an angle to the *opera seria* tradition. It is one of the fallacies of musical history that Alessandro was the father of the Neapolitan School of Vinci and Hesse. Boyd makes a good case for dating two cantata volumes, in Vienna and the British Library, to the Madrid period, and for the conjecture that they were composed for Farinelli. They should certainly be published.

The chapter on the keyboard sonatas, though relatively terse, is full of perceptive comment, well illustrated by quotation. Here again the absence of autographs and dated copies, other than the two late manuscript collections taken to Italy by Farinelli in 1759, frustrates any attempt at a detailed chronology. We have no idea when Scarlatti began seriously to compose for the harpsichord. Boyd examines with scrupulous care all surviving sources, manuscript and printed (seventy-three sonatas were published in London, Paris or Nuremberg during Scarlatti's life – none in Spain or Italy) and prints two additional sonatas from a Madrid manuscript. His analysis of the structure of the music is penetrating, especially on Scarlatti's development of the basic binary design in quite a different direction from that which produced classical sonata form. Scarlatti's "ability to surprise, and yet at the same time to convince" evokes apt comparison with Haydn. Boyd finds the origins of Scarlatti's style epigrammatic, as well he might; it is true that research is still needed into Spanish popular music of the period. There is no doubting the influence of the guitar, but Boyd rightly relates the celebrated note-glissers (bowed, lute-like) in Longo's edition to the examples of *accolaccatura* cited by Gasparini in his *L'armonica pratica al clavicembalo*, published in 1708 when Scarlatti may have been his pupil. There is an excellent chapter on Scarlatti's reputation and influence, and valuable appendices.

Early synthesizer

Curtis Price

PETER DENNISON
Pelham Humfrey
119pp. Oxford University Press. £14.95
(paperback, £6.95).
0 193 15244 4

If there are long books on Rupert Brooke, then we should probably welcome a short one on Pelham Humfrey, whose reputation also depends partly on what he might have achieved. But does Peter Dennison believe that his subject, a precocious child of the Restoration, belongs in the same company with the other composers represented in this Oxford series (Boulez, Carissimi, Debussy, Dunstable, Lassus, Machaut, Marenzio *et al*)? Apparently not, because he apologizes for Humfrey's supposedly feeble attempts at "English" counterpoint, even in anthems whose "incorrectness" is in itself often astonishingly beautiful, while urgently seeking the source of Humfrey's lyrical inspiration in the works of his greater contemporaries, Lully and Carissimi.

Dennison views English baroque musical style as an alloy of French and Italian characteristics: the better the synthesis, the better the music. Thus, he assays Humfrey's works for gold (Italianate text declamation underpinned with strong root progressions), silver (airy melodies in French dance rhythms) and lead (the stodgy counterpoint of his flamboyant though incompetent teacher Captain Cooke). This is a plausible mixture, but I doubt that the ingredients can be so easily retorted. By the time Humfrey travelled to France (perhaps to study with *le grand maître*), the Italian style had already become a *lingua franca*. As he begins to work through the music itself, Dennison realizes that his original thesis (that is,

"Lully was the single most important foreign composer in Humfrey's formative experience") is too simplistic, and he is forced to modify it: "Humfrey's vocal and harmonic practice[s] owed their greatest debt to the style of Carissimi . . .", "either directly, or through the music of Lully and Locke", but "that synthesis was made by a musician with a recognizable English identity".

The author finds the essence of Humfrey's style elusive, for, after the alleged foreign influences have been melted away, precious little remains. The composer's devalued individuality is nevertheless discussed in some detail in Chapter Three, illustrated with music examples (inconveniently scattered throughout the book and in several collected editions). Yet much of this chapter would make perfectly good sense if the name "Schütz" or "Cesti" were substituted for "Humfrey". Baroque commonplaces, such as descending bass patterns and contrary motion between outer voices, are surely not the essence of Humfrey's style, because his music sounds like neither Lully's or Carissimi's; and his greatest works (the setting of Dryden's "Ah fading joy" and the verse anthem "O Lord my God") arguably display an originality matched only by Purcell.

Once Humfrey's best parts have been located in foreign lands, Dennison's treatment of individual pieces is factual and workmanlike. He over-speculates about the composer's circumstances or personality, except to explain his bumptious arrogance (as reported by Pepys) as "a need to compensate for his small stature" – physical, I presume. The restored Chapel Royal – with its remarkable collection of boy geniuses kindly supervised by men who had paid dearly for their loyalty to the king – skilfully evoked; and the chapter on the 1674 operatic production of *The Tempest*, for which Humfrey wrote much of the vocal music, is a worthy contribution to a well-worked subject.

Made to measure

Iain Fenlon

RICHARD HUDSON
The Allemande, the Balletto and the Tanz
Volume One: The History. 264pp.
Volume Two: The Music. 252pp.
Cambridge University Press. £75.
0 521 33108 0

"They performed every sort of ballet and dance as customary in any country soever, such as passamezzi, corents, canaries and a buodred other fine gestures devised for plinching the fancy." Thus the Venetian ambassador in London on the revels in the masque *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue* performed in 1618, an interesting indication of how international the repertoires of court and social dances had become by the early decades of the seventeenth century. By then all state occasions, great or small, were celebrated in the ballroom, and dancing skills were cultivated through daily practice by the nobility and their middle-class imitators. In addition to social pressures of this kind, the performance of dance was supported by the Pisticone conceit that dancing paralleled the harmonious movements of human beings in a well-ordered world, in turn an image for the motions of celestial bodies to the harmony of the spheres. Court dance is particularly well documented, not only in letters and memoirs but also, more importantly, in a group of printed choreographies and musical sources which were not to be equaled in scope until the early eighteenth century.

Richard Hudson's two volumes chronicle the history of a single and rather simple dance of the early modern period, a new Tanz which appeared in Nuremberg about 1540 and later spread throughout Europe. Its evolution spans two centuries and all the principal countries of the continent. In its earliest phase it is characterized by a fairly consistent musical structure that differed only in small details from one country to another. During this period the Tanz (and its near-relations, the *Allemande* which was popular in France and the Low Countries, and the Italian *Balletto Tedesco*) was widely disseminated in versions for domestic amateur performance, whether for lute, keyboard or instrumental ensemble. Bag-

ning with the enormous success of the five-voice *Balletti* of the Mantuan composer Giovanni Giacomo Gastoldi in the 1590s, vocal elaborations of the basic forms were popular in England and Italy, while instrumental versions were common in Italy, France and Germany. It is this repertoire that is best known today. Gastoldi's first set was widely imitated north of the Alps, by Hassler in Germany for example, and in England by Morley and Weelkes. Here the form became divorced from dancing, which may explain its greater attention to textual details and the general expansion of its structure. During the final century of Hudson's survey the various "national" varieties once again became more consistent.

Hudson's study, surely the most comprehensive and detailed study of any single dance type from the early modern period, is essentially a technical discussion of the musical characteristics of the evolving form, illustrated by many of the aforesaid examples in the text as well as the complete pieces that make up the second volume. It is rather densely written, and it comes as no surprise to read in the introduction that the idea for the book grew out of the author's article on the Italian instrumental balletto written for the *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. In its extremely compact, encyclopaedic writing style the derivation is rather obvious. But the main historical argument of this book, that the Balletto, *Allemande* and Tanz should be considered as dialects of a central tradition rather than three independent dances, is an important one which on the whole is convincingly argued and represents a distinct shift of emphasis from Hudson's earlier view. At the same time there are some important issues which remain comparatively untouched, notably any real engagement with the social history of this most social of all musical activities. With a form which has such a long, well-documented and continuous if changing history, which was widely diffused throughout Europe, and relates to folk traditions as well as to court dance, there is much else to pursue.

English Renaissance Song by Edward Doughty (185pp., Twayne/Macmillan. £19.95. 0 8057 6915 3), examines English lyrics composed during the period 1516 to 1632 and looks at works by Thomas, Whythorne, William Byrd, John Dowland and others.

Prescriptive polemic

J. V. Pickstone

EDWARD SHORTER
Medicine Manners: The troubled history of doctors and patients
Stipe Viking. £16.95.
0 85012 021 5

Edward Shorter is a historian of popular opinion: the family, women's bodies, and now, in *Medicine Manners*, doctors and patients. His new book will doubtless be successful: the style is easy and there are anecdotes, even jokes – have you heard the one about male and female health? And Shorter is not just a historian; he has been to medical school and to many doctors' meetings, so that the later chapters of the book contain much lively reportage and retailing of scientific insights. Furthermore, it is a book with a message, appealing for the many, initiating for others: Shorter thinks that doctors should listen more to their patients, but also that both doctors and patients would be the better for a restoration of medical authority.

The book is an extended historical polemic in which the authority of medicine rises slowly from about 1850, only to fall rapidly after 1950. The heroes are the "modern doctors" of the early twentieth century, sufficiently steeped in the new medical science to command respect, but not yet so overwhelmed with biochemistry as to neglect the psyche and the power of authoritative suggestion. This "modern doctor" appears with his counterpart – the sensitive but respectful patient. Before and after the modern period, doctors were less inspirational and patients less content: the "traditional" doctor's knowledge and remedies were useless; his patients were tough and kept out of his way except when all else failed and truly heroic remedies seemed unavoidable. The "post-modern" doctor bristles with diagnostic techniques and remedies which really work, but he also bristles when patients want to "go on"

about personal problems; so the patients, sick from living in "post-modern" families and worried into ill-health by the media, become resentful and dependent on tranquillizers.

The characters here are familiar enough, the interest lies in their combination. Shorter is not portraying science as a triumph or a disaster, or simply advocating that doctors should be healers who are good at listening; he is arguing for a balance which he finds exemplified by the gentlemen-physicians at the opening of our own century. Here he points not just to bacteriology and surgery, but to Dr Mitchell and his rest-cure, to the treatment of neurasthenia and other psychosomatic complaints. These "modern doctors" were not perfect, but Shorter is gentler towards their defects than towards those of their predecessors and followers. It may have been unfortunate that organic explanations were often given for what were "really" psychological phenomena, still more unfortunate that surgeons removed the organs in question, but the therapies worked – so medicinal was the authority of the early twentieth-century doctor.

Historians, like doctors, can doubtless do much good by suggestion, but perhaps, like Shorter's heroes, they should also be masters of the controlled test, demanding of certain rigour. Why, for example, in the "traditional" and "post-modern" sections of this book do we get an account of ordinary medical practice, while for the "modern" period we hear so much about the leaders in the field? And why, in a book which finds space for so much medical detail, do even the lineaments of social history scarcely appear? Can one really discuss doctors' bedside manners, even for North America, without discussing the various classes of patient, the economy of medicine, the power of professionals, or urbanization – all topics on which much useful work has been done? To leave out so much, and then appeal to such intangibles as an increased sensitivity to pain or the stresses of "post-modern" families seems perverse.

Extracting expertise

Christopher Lawrence

ELISABETH BENNION
Antique Dental Instruments
192pp. Sotheby. £19.95.
0 85667 310 2

It would be interesting to know by what means, in the nineteenth century, an armée of tradesmen, itinerants, artisans and hucksters hoisted themselves from being the lackeys of the mouth into a profession, some of whose members now scrape a living large enough to find themselves regularly filling the scandal columns of the dailies. This question is implicitly asked, but certainly not answered, in Elisabeth Bennion's pleasingly illustrated *Antique Dental Instruments*.

The form in which the book raises this question relates to the antique. How is this category constructed, and how does it relate to modern professional interests? What the book shows is that, before the arrival of the professions, dental instruments shade into the worlds of cosmetics, surgery, commercialism and simple rustic inventiveness. There were, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, special devices for extraction, such as the marvellous plectrum and the tooth-key, but they were made and decorated much like any other tool. They were part of an order which, at the aristocratic end, was populated by silver tongue scrapers, ivory toothpicks and porcelain dental strands, and, at the more plebeian extremity, by the tool-box of the tooth puller, which might also contain the instruments of the farrier.

The technology of modern dentistry is more than the functional equipment of the specialist, it is a sign used by the expert to indicate professionalism. Modern dental tools are not random objects but a kit of devices, distinct from the things of common life, and, most important, almost worthless to anyone except the expert. They are everything the antique is not, they designate the skill of modern dentistry as a

complex professional process. The antique, on the other hand, is not simply the old, its domain is that of the unique and often decorated object which, in the case of dentistry, signifies that tooth pulling in the past was painful, direct and quaint.

When we look at these old artefacts in *Antique Dental Instruments* we are presumed to have in mind the gleaming professional tool, and are being asked to make a contrast. By collecting and valorizing the past the professions suggest they have transcended it. In doing this, they designate themselves as modern. This act expropriates artefacts from their historical context, translating them into a modern one, the antique. What constitutes the antique is not an object's historical relations but what is hidden: market value and the collector. History as the chronicle of folly and the curious is reified in the antique object. It is a world in which the museum catalogue is the gold standard.

The transition from history to the antique leaves some objects in limbo, awaiting financial judgment as to whether they are worthless junk or worthy of preservation. Some qualify immediately as antique by virtue of sheer luxuriousness. Bennion depicts a "Large brass-bound rosewood case of instruments with six trays" made in America around 1840. It contains ivory on ivory of ivory-handled decorated instruments in innumerable profusion. It is unique, "Probably made as an exhibition piece" Bennion suggests. It has now become antique. Yet historically this object suggests where and how the transition to professionalism was being made. This box of tools was also the insignia of a profession organizing and demarcating itself from common life.

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0334 009014

Don Cupitt's new book, *Life Lines*, purports to offer much to those who still ask questions about the meaning of life. No definitive, authoritative answer, he claims, can be given to us. We live in a kind of *Métro* of the spirit, travelling on different lines which connect and diverge in intricate ways. Cupitt provides a *Métro* map to illustrate this network. There is no absolute truth, he tells us, only a plurality of truths. The meaning of life is found among these pluralisms; in our wanderings in the *Métro*.

The journey to which Cupitt invites us is a familiar theological one. He simply redecorates the stations for the occasion, giving them such names as Mythical Realism, Doctrinal Realism, Obedient Reality, Objective Symbolism, Aesthetic Expressivism, Pure Religious Voluntarism, etc. Cupitt assumes, too often, that discussing a name will tell us the nature of our surroundings. In this book we get to know the name, but, often, not the place.

What line are you travelling on? Are you a realist? Are you content to tell mythical stories which often contradict each other, but which you believe express the objectively real? Or, more systematically, do you have a definitive set of doctrines which you believe "are in some strong and simple sense true"? Philosophically, has your realism taken the form of a theology, a design, which informs you, in terms of a

metaphysical hierarchy, why things are as they are? If you are not philosophically inclined, have you found a realism rooted in the Bible: one which evokes an obedient response from you?

If you are not a realist, are you a semi-realist? Perhaps you were or are one of those Protestant Ethical idealists who sought to identify religious truth with realistic hopes of an emerging social order; or one of a slightly different kind who hung on to agnostic responses when that order failed to emerge? Or perhaps you lived a life enriched by religious symbols, only to become worried about the relation of the symbols to the reality they were supposed to symbolize?

Whichever you have been, realist or semi-realist, the likelihood is that you have run into intellectual trouble and experienced "the sudden loss of belief in an objective and personal God". What alternative did you find? Did you find consolation in aesthetic expressivism, and meaning in the time-honoured traditions of religious liturgy, art and poetry, only to be threatened by the press of contemporary change? Did you give yourself to religious humanistic schemes, only to find yourself involved in undesirable political power structures? As a result, did you find yourself forced back on your own resources in a pure religious voluntarism, only to wonder how one's choices were to be informed? Did you feel that no one should be excluded from your religious perspective, a conviction which led you to include the afflicted and the subversive?

Did you realize that all these options with which we are faced are different manifestations of a life-energy which is linked to God's life-energy? Faced with different situations, the

life-energy, apparently, unconsciously selects the appropriate manifestation of itself.

Well, then, "what should be our final attitude to ourselves and our lives?" We are told that this is a difficult question, since no "reading" of our lives can be excluded. In fact, "We are all our own fictions - and nowadays we know it." So where can we find the meaning of our lives? The proposed answer: "In this long pilgrimage into diaspora, which we love and in which we find joy, lies the meaning of our life."

Many of the questions I have outlined have the illusion of intelligibility. In his tour of the *Métro*, Cupitt sometimes makes interesting observations on the connections between the various theological movements, but there is a fatal lack of philosophical reflection on the whole hurried journey. Without such reflection, it is impossible to be clear about the nature of the issues Cupitt wants to discuss. For instance, until we know what is "the strong and simple sense" of "true" on which realism is said to depend, we have no idea what is at stake in "realist" or "non-realist" analyses of religious belief. Further, it is essential to distinguish between an activity, a philosophical account of it, and the influence of the philosophical account. Cupitt rarely bothers with such distinctions. Consider the case of Cartesianism. If Cartesianism gives a confused account of "thinking" and "mind-body dualism", does it follow that those who propound such theories cannot think clearly in their ordinary affairs? Obviously not. Nevertheless, the enormous influence of Cartesianism in making man's mind the measure of truth and intelligibility cannot be denied. Consider again the case of the Argument from Design. The argument does

not do justice to belief in a Creator or to the praise of Him found in the Bible. Does it follow that a propounder of the argument must be confused when he worships? Yet the argument was influential in a number of ways. Such issues sometimes run into each other, but that is no reason for not distinguishing between them.

Because there are different religious perspectives, Cupitt concludes that there can be no absolute truth. The only "absolute" shown to be confused, however, is that metaphysical one which sees different perspectives as incomplete expressions of itself. If Cupitt denies ordinary conceptions of absolute good and evil, it is the very metaphysical conception he thinks himself free of which leads to his denial. Further, in invoking the notion of a "life-energy" of which the different perspectives are said to be manifestations, he endorses a neo-Freudian version of that very metaphysical conception. Finally, if all the perspectives are to be regarded as "options", the serious faithfulness of their adherents becomes a confusion for Cupitt which he does nothing to clear up.

Cupitt's *Métro* journey is so rapid that the various landscapes become blurred. Dwelling on any of them seems to be discouraged, since we are constantly urged "All change!". "You have to be prepared to move fast, from God to God. You need the God that is right far you just now, and still more do you need the God that will be right for you next." How is Cupitt's *Métro* of the spirit related to the real spiritual questions which have sustained, bathed and separated people? This book gives no answer. It is more like a *Métro*-game than a real *Métro*. After it, we have to engage with our actual travels.

Auden Hotel by OLIVER REYNOLDS

for Edward Carr and Ruth Huon

I
Slits of rain slip the street;
rain boils over concrete;
gutters well; the road's camber
succumbs to water.

A taxi docks at the kerb.
Unprotected and unperturbed,
a fat man levers himself out and stands
looking up at a hotel-sign, his hands

Incradinated as his jumper-sleeves run.
The sign flicks: 'Hotel . . . Hotel . . . Auden . . .'
The man grunts and then, like a tidal bore,
bursts the hotel's revolving-door.

II
Just back, I'm glad to say, from Rio,
the Hotel Trio
is lost in the K563.
(The healthiest highs come musically).

A forehead drips perspiration.
The tello's huge hesitation,
throbbled from its palm-court oasis,
shivers empty glisses.

A girl reading Leconte de Lisle
hums between bites of veal.
The music uncoils to a close.
The musicians pause, then rosin their bows.

III
Three in the morning;
the night porter, sallow and yawning,
sets out greasy cards for patience.
The lift-hell pings. (In the suspense

before the doors rumble back,
the Queen's covered by the Jack.)
It's empty - but for scattered pills,
a pair of tights and some handbills:

INTERNATIONAL POETRY SEMINAR

1st Meeting at 9.00 in the Limestone Bar
P. Rathbone: What I Owe to Yeats
The porter sweeps them up, the spoils.

IV
Washed-out dawn
and a ghost crumples on the hotel lawn:
a nightshirt, and on it a lipstick-smear:
'Nationalize Earl's Court Square'.

Rathbone walks a boe-lieed corridors.
'These shoes were left by their owners,
saints making a sudden Ascension . . .
or is that too Martian?'

The dreams of poets are destroyed
by the hissing of the Teasmade.
Downstairs, there's egg or kipper,
esch plate flanked by pen and paper.

V
'Well, she's more TLS than LRB;
attractive, but formal. More tea?'
'Good morning, I'm Wu. From Taiwan.
Translator. My main incest is Byron.'

like trying to lasso a tank.
All political poetry is wank.
'When did Selma marry Geoffrey?'
'My Theory of Metre, briefly

Cigarette-smoke palls the din.
11 o'clock. The waiters begin
clearing ash-strewn plates.
Rathbone's still rabbiting on about Yeats.

VI
What keeps them going:
egos with more thrust than a Boeing,
or just a verbal itch
that they have to scratch?

What'll we remember when they're dead?
A maid strips a bed
and finds (impossible at the Hilton)
a Durex bookmarking Milton.

Why do poets piss in the sink -
is it all that drink?
Why is so much they write plain bad?
And why do so many go mad?

VII
Sunday afternoon thickens.
Whiffs of roast chicken
infiltrate a cubby-hole
where, happy as a bacchical,

I lift my tea-cup.
Someone turns a radio up
for a programme on La Fontaine's *Fables*.
I rest slipped feet on the table;

minutes later,
lulled by the thudding dumb-wailer,
Times crossword abandoned to the Muses,
Mr Auden, Proprietor, snoozes.

VIII
The last poet drives off,
leaving a sonnet and forgetting a glove.
The newest guests write their names in the book:
'Mr and Mrs Smith, Porlock.'

The air's growing cooler.
Poolscap feeds the boiler
(Rathbone's efforts and illusions).
Curtains are drawn, like conclusions:

Because our words outlive our acts,
listen to cadences, not facts.
Finale-time, these words show it:
trust the poem, not the poet.

Jesus, scourge of money-grubbers

Henry Mayr-Harting

One of the most rhetorical passages in the New Testament is Jesus' fulmination against Chorazin, Bethsaida and, above all, Capernaum (Matthew 11: 20-24). By implication he defines for us in this speech the principal geographical location of his mission. It was a tiny area at the northern tip of the Sea of Galilee. The traveller approaching Capernaum by road today can observe a signpost which reads (if only memory serves me correctly) "Capernaum 2 km, Chorazin 2 km, Bethsaida 5 km". Jesus' ministry was not of course confined to this area. But in the society of Jerusalem he was a stranger (Matthew 21: 10); at Jericho his connections were manifestly not with the social establishment; and though he was very much a Galilean rather than a Judean, Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, where there are still important Herodian archaeological remains, is not so much as mentioned in the synoptic Gospels. Most of his ministry was performed in a tiny intestine of Palestine.

In many ways Jesus looks like countless other Holy Men in the Judaic culture of his day and in the Mediterranean region down the centuries, not least in the localization of his activity. Capernaum, which he made his base, was only about thirty miles away from his home town of Nazareth. But the practical affect of that small distance was enormous. The influence of Holy Men in all ages has often been enhanced by their being strangers in the society in which they have lived, strangers either in the rigorous asceticism which sets them apart, or in geographical distance from their home environment, or both. When Jesus returned to Nazareth nobody took any notice of his teaching; he was too well known as the carpenter's son; his place in ordinary society was too clearly identifiable. In Capernaum his strangerhood was guaranteed not only by his asceticism (such as the forty days in the wilderness) but also even by the mere thirty miles of distance from Nazareth. In this way he could stand above the racial competition and be accepted as a prophet and maral arbiter.

However circumscribed the region of Jesus' main activity, it was a very prosperous one. Josephus, who was governor of Galilee in the 6th AD, described it as "excellent for crops or cattle and rich in forests of every kind, so that by its adaptability it invites even those least inclined to work on the land" (which suggests profit for smallholders and tenant farmers). The fertility of Galilee, and the reasons for it, have been substantially established in George Adam Smith's *Historical Geography of the Holy Land*. Far different was Galilee in the north of Palestine from the arid and awesome wastes of Judea in the south. "The difference in this respect between Galilee and Judea", wrote Smith, "is just the difference between their names - one liquid and musical like running waters, the other dry and dull like the fall of your horse's hoof on her blistered and muffled rock." Galilean wealth derived from trade, agriculture and of course fisheries; Judean from the Jerusalem pilgrimage and the Temple tax.

Despite the evidence of Galilean wealth, which must have been increased in many respects by Roman trade and the Roman occupation of Palestine, most writers treat it as axiomatic that Jesus addressed his mission to the poor. Some scholars would see Galilee at this time as suffocating from demographic pressure, oppressed by burdens of taxation beyond the means of smaller men, filled with miserable camel labourers, its agrarian wealth concentrated in the hands of a few great landowners. For none of this is there good evidence. Naturally, where property rises and population increases and cheap labour becomes available, there is almost bound to be poverty. But if that is so, Jesus appears to have addressed himself predominantly to the "upwardly mobile" rather than to the economic outcasts of lake-side society. He spoke to people who were concerned with the division of inheritances (Luke 12:13), with the quality of wine served at weddings, or with the seating plans and correct dress at dinner parties. This scarcely sounds like grinding poverty. He was dealing with people who might have a flock of a hundred sheep (when they lost one), who might be in possession of ten pieces of silver (when they lost one),

who, like the woman with an issue of blood, had the means to spend on seeking medical cures (Luke 8: 43); who as "servants" might be owed a hundred pence (Matthew 18: 28); who appreciated analogies of bumper harvests; who had access to pearls, rare ointments and fine linens. He confronted communities who minded what happened to their nice herds of pigs.

Where poverty is met with in the Gospels, it is significantly in Judea rather than Galilee: the widow's mite, the blind beggar Bartimaeus at Jericho, the poor on whom the cost of a jar of ointment might rather have been bestowed. More important, however, is that Jesus virtually never mentioned the poor with the abject of saying that poverty should be alleviated. Such mention is almost always incidental to an attack on the better off for glorying in their riches and being too dependent on material

possessions with a devil, which cried out in a loud voice. "Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us?" What did Jesus threaten to destroy? What was it that he challenged in such masterful tones? The dominion of the devil, a theologian might say. But it is possible, with a knowledge of his teaching, to couch an answer in more historical terms. He challenged, surely, the restless spirit of svarice, which itself threatened the traditional forms of integration and cohesion in Jewish society. This was a society whose underlying norms he tried to reaffirm in face of economic and social flux ("I am not come to destroy but to fulfil", Matthew 5: 17). It was a society in which people felt the pulls of conflicting moral options ("Lard, I believe; help thou mine unbelief", Mark 9: 24). The traditional values of this society were those of the synagogue, and they were



A detail from Dieric Bouts' "Christ in the House of Simon the Pharisee"; it is taken from Masterworks from the Gemäldegalerie, Berlin (432pp. Wittenfeld and Nicolson, £40. 0.297789368).

threatened by the frenetic search for economic self-improvement, because status had been derived more from respect in the synagogue than from wealth. Jairus, whose daughter was raised from the dead, was "one of the rulers of the synagogue" in Capernaum. Of his material substance we know nothing.

Jesus' mission makes good sense, therefore, at a sociological level, if we see it as primarily addressed to people suffering from new anxieties and neuroses, occasionally to the point of mental breakdown, and sometimes facing (as they advanced themselves) the acute resentment, real or imagined, of their fellows.

It is a pity that we lack any systematic description of Jesus' society by a contemporary, such as Tacitus gave of the Germans. But we need not ignore useful analogies from other societies, particularly Mediterranean societies, at other times. The strongest sense which I have ever had that I was reading of a society in many ways like that of Jesus (despite the absence of fishermen) was in Julian Pitt-Rivers' book *The People of the Sierra* (1934), a vivid anthropological study of an Andalusian town. Perhaps in Pitt-Rivers, as in the Gospels, one is looking at some of the eternal varieties of Mediterranean life. Here are the large estates, the smallholdings, the tenant farmers, the important herds of pigs and the onks under which they feed on the hills, the day-labourers collected to the central square and their uneven rates of pay, the necessity to close ranks in the community when dealing with outside tax authorities. Above all, to reiterate a vital strain also in Jesus' social environment, there stands out clearly the resentment against those who compete for status by the acquisition of money, in a society where status is traditionally accorded on moral rather than material grounds.

The low stratum of society from which the

Apostles themselves were called is often emphasized, indeed overemphasized. The image of Peter in the Christian Church - the rough-hewn, lower-class vessel chosen by God for his highest purposes - has positively depended on depressing his status and intelligence before his call. What a stroke of good fortune it was for him, with his bleak prospects, to have been called by Jesus! In fact the economic prospects for him and his like can never have looked healthier. The reason was salt, a commodity not totally outside Jesus' own thoughts. Straba refers to the excellent fish-pickling places at Taricheae on the lake. Josephus also wrote about Taricheae. It had a hippodrome and was an important boat-building centre. Its exact location is uncertain, but it was near enough to Capernaum for Josephus himself, when lying wounded in Capernaum, to be taken there (doubtless by boat) within the night. I have never seen or heard the evidence of salted fish production brought into a discussion of the economic possibilities of Galilean fishermen in the first century AD, though John Robinson recently suggested (in *The Priority of John*, reviewed in the TLS, October 4, 1985) that John the Evangelist's obvious contacts in Jerusalem were due to his acting as the agent of his father's firm there. With growing demands to supply the local population, the Jerusalem fish shops, the Roman army of occupation, and the trade of the Roman Empire (an arterial route of which passed through Capernaum itself), it is no wonder that Zebedee and his sons, James and John, hired extra labour for their fishing business (Mark 1: 20).

Since Peter Brown's book *The World of Late Antiquity* (1971), and his earlier paper on the Holy Men of fifth and sixth-century Egypt and Syria, nobody has been able to assume that it was the economically oppressed who formed the natural recruiting-ground for those called to a religious way of life. Brown shows that the founders of Egyptian monasticism and their recruits were not oppressed peasants. "Late Roman Egypt", he writes, in what could so easily be a commentary on first-century Galilee, "was a land of vigorous villages where tensions sprang quite as much from the disruptive effects of new wealth and new opportunities as from the immemorial depredations of the tax-collector." We cannot know the detailed motives which induced Jesus' disciples to follow him. But we can say that his call offered a new option in life to men more likely to have experienced the bitter taste of success than the wretchedness of failure, in a society whose material competitiveness clearly had some harsh and unpleasant aspects.

My suggestion, therefore, is that Jesus had a clear appreciation of, and addressed himself to, the tensions and anxieties which beset his society and his followers. I have confined myself to the socio-economic tensions, but the point could equally well be made of the political tensions and those arising from the challenge to Judaism of the Hellenistic spirit. Indeed, the political rebelliousness for which Galilee was a byword in Jesus' time, rebelliousness against the Romans, against their emperor, Herod Antipas, and against the Rome-supported Temple clergy in Jerusalem, could arguably be related to the rising prosperity of the province. Rebellion in pre-industrial societies was commonly a function of economic expectations that were raised and then balked, as in eighteenth-century France or the English Peasants' Revolt of 1381. One may note the reluctance with which Peter himself paid his Temple tax (Matthew 17: 24-7). Yet he paid it. Galileans hated the Romans, and the Herods, and the Temple clergy, but many of them had an economic interest in the political set-up which dictated a certain prudent acquiescence. Amid the conflicting responses of Galileans to the Roman occupation of Palestine, Jesus' skilful avoidance of any of the extreme political reactions of his time is noteworthy.

None of this, of course, has any bearing either way on the claims of Christianity, nor does it help to show whether or not Jesus was God. But perhaps until recently the search for the historical Jesus has been a shade too theologically motivated, and one hopes that there is no diminution of Christian belief in posing other questions about him purely in his human nature and as he related to his own society.

The World of Late Antiquity

Goodness and common sense

Brad Hooker

C.D. BROAD
Ethics
Edited by C. Lewy
319pp. Dordrecht: Nijhoff £41.75.
902473080

Publishing a philosopher's lectures more than thirty years after they were last given would normally be unwise, but this publication of C.D. Broad's complete lectures on moral philosophy, last given in 1952-3, might be an exception. The lectures are no doubt of some historical interest. And yet they are not merely that - they contain material dealing with some of the issues at the heart of current debate.

The book begins slowly: the first third, entitled "Moral Psychology", starts by scrapping up seemingly endless distinctions between various kinds of human powers, emotions, desires, cognitions, intrapersonal conflicts, etc. In evidence throughout the book is Broad's proclivity for thorough classification, including the coining of somewhat opaque terms for things like *incommensurable* (sometimes minimal) way. Reading through so much classification becomes, particularly in the first part of the book, wearisome. The first third of the book does, nevertheless, contain some important material, starting with Broad's well-known account of pleasure. Then comes his discussion of psychological egoism. Here Broad's bent for classification definitely works to his advantage and helps him produce the best philosophical treatment of the topic to date, an enviable accomplishment given its great importance and the long history of writing on it.

In the next part of the book, Broad painstakingly traces the interconnections among the following concepts: the actually right act; the act the agent believes is right; the act that on the empirical and ethical data at the agent's disposal it would be reasonable for him or her to conclude is right; the morally justifiable act; and the conscientious act. Particularly impressive is Broad's account of the different necessary and sufficient conditions for purely, predominantly, and partly conscientious action. This account has long been available in print, but its strength is enhanced by being set alongside his discussions of the other related concepts. Broad then offers an appealing sketch of the different degrees of moral discredit agents can bring upon themselves.

This part of the book also contains a survey of normative moral theories. Broad starts by distinguishing between a teleological or consequentialist principle, enjoining us to do what will produce the greatest balance of good over evil, and non-consequentialist principles, enjoining us (eg) to tell the truth and keep our promises. He also explains clearly the often overlooked point that someone who accepts only the consequentialist principle can (even if most don't) maintain that certain kinds of act have intrinsic value, that is, value apart from what they cause to come after them. Broad even makes the distinction, prominent in some of the best recent normative theory, between moral theories holding there is one end (eg, a happy universe) which everyone ought equally to promote, and moral theories holding there is no one end which everyone ought equally to promote.

Four "moral theories" come under Broad's scrutiny. The first, which he calls "the morality of common sense", is made up of non-consequentialist obligations plus a (fairly weak) utilitarian requirement to benefit others. Broad's description of common-sense morality is extraordinarily rich and, for the most part, clearly correct. For example, he emphasizes the important point, repeated from one of his previous papers, that common-sense morality gives us a greater obligation towards those connected with us in certain ways (family, friends, colleagues, neighbours) than towards those not connected with us in any special way.

His discussion of utilitarianism also deserves attention, though in this case caveats are in order. Unlike the usual modern practice, Broad defines utility to mean something broader than individuals' welfare; with the result that he counts consequentialism which is sensitive to the distribution as well as the amount of welfare as a version of, rather than as competing with, utilitarianism. Further-

more, Broad's discussion bears witness to the fact that the distinction between act utilitarianism and rule (or motive) utilitarianism had not yet come into prominence when he was writing. But in other respects his discussion is excellent: he formulates forceful arguments for utilitarianism; he makes insightful remarks about how it is both strengthened and weakened by being combined with hedonism; and he presents a marvellous version of a defence of utilitarianism recently reactivated in our own time, according to which common-sense morality is in fact reconciled with it because aiming to follow the principles of common-sense morality is generally what gives us the best chance of maximizing utility.

The third theory Broad considers is the theory that, all things considered, one ought always (or, it is always reasonable) to do the act most beneficial to oneself. He calls this theory "ethical egoism". First he demolishes Moore's argument for thinking that it is self-contradictory. In criticizing Sidgwick's treatment of egoism, however, Broad fails to get to the bottom of the matter. Sidgwick reluctantly found self-evident the principle that, all things considered, one ought to do whatever is best for oneself. Broad, echoing H. A. Prichard, comments that if the "ought" is taken to mean "prudentially ought", the principle is little more than a tautology and is anyway irrelevant, and that if it is taken to mean "morally ought", it is far from self-evident. These claims seem correct. Where Broad may falter, on the other hand, is in assuming with Prichard that these two are the only possible ways of reading the "ought". Perhaps the

egoist's claim should be interpreted as being about what one has most reason to do. Taken in this way, the egoist's principle is not a tautology and has enough shreds of self-evidence to be worth serious consideration (though if it is taken in this way, it should perhaps be called normative egoism rather than ethical egoism).

Kant's theory is the fourth that Broad discusses. This discussion contains few surprises, except for a curious distinction between "X morally ought to do such-and-such" and "such-and-such would be morally right for X to do". Broad's main objections against Kant are that Kant underestimated the differences between imperatives and ordinary moral indicatives; that his claim that morality has no utilitarian element is implausible; and that he was mistaken to think that all more specific moral obligations, such as to tell the truth, to keep promises, etc. can be derived from his Categorical Imperative. So, rejecting Kant's theory as well as egoism, Broad says we are left with two alternatives: utilitarianism and the multi-principled common-sense morality of W.D. Ross, which itself includes a utilitarian element. He hints he thinks that some form of the former is the best theory.

Broad then takes up two questions: What makes things good? and What is the best analysis of judgments that a thing is good? When focusing on the first question, he usefully discusses Moore's important principle of organic unities. When discussing the second question, however, he devotes rather too much space to Moore's view that the word "good" cannot be defined and stands for a "non-natural" property. This part contains further examples of

Broad's clarity, subtlety and penetration, but many modern readers might wonder whether Moore's non-naturalism deserves quite as much attention as it gets here.

Apart from the discussions of common-sense morality and utilitarianism, the rest of the book that follows of current moral philosophy will find most interesting is Broad's discussion of a general position about the nature of moral properties that could be called dispositional realism. This position, claiming an analogy with secondary-qualities, eg, colours, holds that a moral property, eg, goodness, is a genuine property there in the fabric of the universe and yet is subjective in the (weak) sense that something is good just in virtue of its disposition or power to give rise to certain attitudes in human (or similar) subjects. There are different variants of this general position, some of which have recently been explored by leading contemporary philosophers. Regrettably, the variant Broad defends is not one of the most plausible.

In the final chapter, Broad examines the issue of determinism and moral responsibility. He argues that determinism is true, and that our moral responsibility is undermined if our characters and dispositions have causal ancestors independent of us. It is unfortunate that the book closes with Broad exhibiting a disconcerting enthusiasm for the idea that our moral responsibility can be reconciled with determinism only if there is reincarnation of such a kind that we began our present lives with characters and dispositions developed out of our previous lives and the same is true of each of our previous lives.

which extravagant and improbable advantages were claimed (not by Quine), for instance that it would yield an agreed answer on every genuine question. Cohen sees it as defined rather by its problems. Whatever the general problems of philosophy may be, analytical philosophy is concerned with the normative study of reasons, ie, with what is a good reason for what. This view, which incidentally fits Cohen's own practice perfectly, has for him two merits. First, unlike the linguistic account, it is well suited to make sense of the persistence of philosophical disagreement, since the question, what is a good reason for what, is an explicitly normative question, and we cannot expect to achieve agreed answers to normative questions. Second, it is able to show the benefits that can be expected by a society that supports analytical philosophers as teachers: their students acquire a sharper sense of relevance.

This second merit some may see as an accidental, spin-off benefit rather than, as for Cohen, something that emerges from the very nature of the subject. The first claim, about philosophical disagreement, is more troublesome. Cohen's position here derives from a mistakenly abrupt distinction between the factual and the normative. For him, if something is a matter of fact one can reasonably expect ultimate agreement to be reached on it. Norms, however, are things on which individuals differ irrevocably, since they are not submitted to rational assessment. One just "happens" to have one's norms. This is bad, indeed pernicious, in moral philosophy; and it is no better here, where we are concerned with inferential rather than moral norms.

The most important question, however, is whether Cohen's account of analytical philosophy is true. To see why one might want to resist it, consider his claim that what has analytical interest is the question "How, if at all, may we argue about the existence, or non-existence of God?" rather than the question "Does God exist?". Are analytical philosophers reduced to this sort of hands-off question? Suppose that I wanted to discover which actions are right and which wrong. Cohen offers, I think, three arguments for persuading us that, *qua* analytical philosopher, my interest is really in what reasons for thinking an action wrong are good ones. The first is that there is no difference between the two questions; one is just a higher-level version of the other. This answer leaves us with no account of what is distinctive about analytical philosophy.

The second argument is that analysis is con-

ceptual analysis, and conceptual analysis is concerned with reasons: "to analyse a concept linguistically is first to identify the concept by specifying a word-meaning . . . and then . . . to refine that meaning. So conceptual analysis typically relates one kind of reason for using a certain word to another". But this detour through the conceptual, which attempts to drive us into another, non-semantic, ascent, seems strained to me.

The third argument is the most general. Suppose I claim that, though an analytical philosopher, my interest is in whether it is true that God exists, not in the second-order question what reasons for thinking that God exists are good ones. Cohen replies that "the truth of a proposition, if it is relevant to our concerns, is the best reason we can normally have for accepting it into our stock of stored information. In other words, truth is a general category of reason in this regard". If we accept this, the distinction between an interest in the truth of a proposition and in what are good reasons for believing it to be true has collapsed, and we are again left with no account of what is distinctive about analytical philosophy. But we should not accept it. The truth of a proposition can never be a reason for us to believe it. How could it impose itself upon us in this way, so that our reason for believing it true is simply the fact that it is true? And how could it ever be an answer to the question what reason one has for a belief, to say simply that one's reason is that it is true?

Cohen's account of analytical philosophy, then, seems hard to accept. But this does not stop the remainder of his book being of interest. Given that analytical philosophy asks generally what is a reason for what, analytical metaphilosophy should ask what are good reasons for philosophical doctrines. Cohen offers an interesting account of philosophy as the attempt to systematize and organize one's intuitions, an attempt which uses induction as much as deduction. He rejects the view held by some psychologists that we are naturally prone to inductive error, which, if true, would render analytical philosophy impossible on his account. And he considers the benefits and insights that the computational hypothesis (that human mental processes are a form of computation) might offer analytical philosophy as a normative study of human reasoning. It seems to me unfortunate that the importance of these investigations has been subordinated to a distorted picture of the activity in which professionals like Cohen are engaged.

The whole funny, grisly business

Beryl Bainbridge

They say that humour is universal, but I rather doubt it. I'm quite sure that upbringing determines what strikes each of us as funny, or, more peculiar for that matter. I mean, if you weren't born with the tip of a silver spoon in your mouth how could you possibly appreciate the remark attributed to Maurice Bowra: "I'm a man more dined against than dining"? Dorothy Parker is easier to get on with, even if she was foreign. "Don't worry about Alan", she said, on the day her divorce became final. "Alan will always fall on somebody's feet." Or again, her proposed epitaph on her tombstone. "This is on me." I've personally never laughed at Charlie Chaplin or the Marx Brothers, though I fell about at old Mother Riley. Frank Howard used to tell a very good joke. "I'm exhausted . . . I am . . . I am. Well, it's the Spanish sun. Every day I have to Siesta, and Esther lives miles and miles away." That still strikes me as funny, though it does depend, sort of, on being able to spell.

In some of the books under review I'm hard put to know what anything depends on. "We are amazed", as Frankie Howard and Richard Lloyd to say, more or less. Take the Christmas offering, *How to be a Complete Bastard* by Adrian Edmondson, a compilation of extreme nastiness featuring bums, blood, chainsaws, babies and "nobs". It includes a bedtime story for little ones, in which Paddington Bear is hacked to pieces, one paw left in his yellow wellie. Then there is Mary Leung's collection of drawings, *A Piece of Cake*. The blurb on the back cover says, "People are stunned by her ability to reveal the hard truths and absurdities behind everyday experiences." Actually, stunned is a good word when we are confronted with coloured drawings of pregnant girls with knives in their bellies, couples exploding into blood and guts during copulation, lovers covered in boils, and various line drawings of Mum and Dad indulging in position 69 or whatever while baby looks on. It is not pornography, nor should it be confused with the truly dreadful *Bastard* book; the drawings are extremely good and there is a real element of satirical comment, but oh dear, what a waste.

What to make of *Naughty Dots*, particularly if you haven't got a pencil handy? The blurb says it is definitely for adults. Apart from the

You hum it

Gavin Ewart

KINGSLEY AMIS and JAMES COCHRANE
(Editors)
The Great British Songbook
With illustrations by Ronald Searle
206pp. Pavilion/Michael Joseph. £14.95.
085145 0939

Truthfully, all songbooks should include music (vocal line and a piano part), just as all translations of verse should have the poems in the original language on the facing pages. This is often not done for reasons of size and expense. In this particular case, where there are two hundred songs, the resulting book would be frighteningly huge and unwieldy.

Instead we have, as the editors say, "the words everybody has forgotten for the tunes everybody remembers", songs divided into categories: "War and Patriotism", "Carols, Hymns and Spirituals", "Love", "Life and Laughter".

The thesis, very supportable and well supported here, is that British songs ceased to be a force with the coming of the radio and the gramophone, with the change from the piano to a more professional singer. The Golden Age was the Victorian period - up to 1914, for the sake of this argument. "Other influences descended in 1945 and whichever way you slice it might be supposed to mean there are no Beatles. Eleanor Rigby" and "The Yellow Submarine" would probably

suit a tipsy piano and a few drunken singers just as well as "Roll Out the Barrel" (also absent).

Only "naturalized" American work is included: very proper, since this is a British songbook. But one could argue that "song" in our century has been even more Americanized than this book suggests. In 1939 British troops marched about singing "South of the Border" and, much later, "Don't Fence Me In". "White Christmas" was particularly popular in North Africa.

So here are the genuine oldies: traditional (mainly carols), Dekker, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Pope ("Where'er You Walk"), Burns, Byron, Thomas Moore, etc. And then the more genteel, romantic, sentimental (from Tennyson to drawing-room ballads), Gilbert and Sullivan, music-hall songs, negro spirituals, "Marching through Georgia" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", "Frankie and Johnny", "St Louis Blues". British by adoption? Hard to draw the line.

It's nice to see "Nellie Dean", subject of so many excruciating intoxicated renderings during the Second World War. Also "The Lily of Laguna", a tune that is fascinating because it's hardly a tune at all; yet it works. So do the words, which seem to have been written by an idiot: "I know she likes me, / I know she likes me / Because she says so" but were in fact written by Leslie Stuart for Eugene Stratton, "The Chocolate-Coloured Coon". Both these are British, unlike "I'll Be Seeing You" and "Lili Marlene".

In a collection that includes Coward and Will Fyffe, I miss Harry Lauder ("Roamin' in the Gloamin'"; "I Love a Lassie"); but in general this is a stimulating lot. Tunes for the choruses will be known; I guess, but not for the verse. Nice work by Ronald Searle.



Jimmy Nervo and Teddy Knox in *The Whirl of the World in the London Palladium*; the autographed photograph is reproduced here from *The Crazy Gang*: A personal reminiscence by Mervyn Owen (150pp. Weldenfeld and Nicolson. £9.95. 0 297 78987 2).

books, modern ones at least, you could cut out the four marvellous original drawings for *The Hommers* and *The Wor Lords*.

Beg, borrow or steal *Something for the Weekend*, by Alan Coren, for the Bidwell letters to Ms Shoemaker. "Mrs Bidwell says if this all works out right we could maybe go to a full-mouth construction in 22 carat, plus throw in a couple of new boobs. I sure hope so. I love that woman, Ms Shoemaker. I would not like her to get second bested by Mrs Harry Stonewort"; also for the story about Hemingway, a brilliant parody of a piece called "Bridge in the Afternoon".

The Comic Art of Reg Parlett is a gem of a book by a real master of the comic strip. There is something irrepressibly cheerful, nostalgic, professional and charming about this artist's work. I think this is how I remember funny drawings were supposed to be. He worked for the comic paper *Radio Fun*, and all the old favourites are featured in the book: Big-Hearted Arthur Askey, Dougie Wakefield, the lanky botpot, Stinker Murdoch. If I've done my arithmetic right, Mr Parlett is eighty-two, and in January he is having an exhibition of his work at the National Theatre.

Finally, four books which I would want to recommend. *Jodhpurs in the Quantocks*, by Glan Baxter, is the work of an artist whose humour depends as much on his captions as his excellent drawings. Take "Crundley approached the profligate with some degree of trepidation." I like this because it's such a daft word for a cake. I myself call them port-folios. Jilly Cooper's *How to Survive Christmas*, with drawings by Timothy Jacques, is witty and well written. Mrs Cooper has a dry sense of humour, a well-crafted turn of phrase and an easy readability which should never be confused with facility. Jeffrey Bernard's collection of pieces from the *Speculator* plus autobiography, *Low Life*, is a collector's item. It will remain a mystery to many why such a well-brought-up boy should have gone hell for leather towards self-destruction, but then, as

we know to our cost, life is a trap into which, far from stumbling, we positively leap. Nothing Mr Bernard ever writes is cruel, bloody or malicious. He is only punishing himself. He has an amazingly pure view of the world; he is a sort of Inebriated innocent at large. All the same, in writing down his own failings, he is holding up a mirror to the rest of us. Whether the reflection, in its broadest sense, is of any value to the world is neither here nor there. What is of value is his persistence in writing down the whole funny, grisly business. *Dear Bill*, by Richard Ingrams and John Wells, is a masterpiece of comic invention and mimicry. Brilliantly teetering on that tightrope between truth and fiction, it may have done more for the image of the Conservative Party (a sobering thought) than its authors ever dreamed of.

One last thing. Why, oh why, do publishers invariably tell the reader, on the jacket, that this or that book is witty, magnificent, perceptive? It's very off-putting. I was going to say that Duckworth was the exception to the rule, but then I've just noticed that J. Bernard is called a writer of genius on his dust-jacket. Oh well, they may not be short of the mark. It's a comic old world.

Adrian Edmondson: *How to be a Complete Bastard*. 96pp. Virgin. £3.95. 0 86369 1821 X.
Mary Leung: *A Piece of Cake*. 95pp. Penguin. £3.95. 0 14 009339 7.
Naughty Dots. 64pp. Patrick Stephens. £3.50. 0 85059 909 2.
Gerald Scarfe: *Scarfe by Scarfe*. 192pp. Hamish Hamilton. £14.95. 0 241 11599 6.
Alan Coren: *Something for the Weekend*. 160pp. Robson. £6.95. 0 86051 395 5.
Alan Clark: *The Comic Art of Reg Parlett: Sixty years of comics*. 127pp. Golden Fun Publishing, 24 Arundel Road, Tunbridge Wells. £8.95. 0 951214 0 5.
Glan Baxter: *Jodhpurs in the Quantocks*. Unnumbered pages. Cope. £7.95. 0 224 02872 2.
Jilly Cooper: *How to Survive Christmas*. 142pp. Methuen. £6.95. 0 413 59780 6.
Jeffrey Bernard: *Low Life*. 192pp. Duckworth. £9.95. 0 7156 2077 0.
Richard Ingrams and John Wells: *The Best of Dear Bill*. 272pp. Deutsch. £7.95. 0 233 97984 01.

THE TIMES

The turn of the page...

Spend New Year's Day with the only quality newspaper on sale. Curl up with a good book review: the theology of Homer (right) examined, contemporary American poetry, Jonas Savimbi assessed and much, much more.



and regularly in *The Times*, Bernard Levin (left) on the way we live now, Peter Ackroyd on books, Suzy Menkes on fashion, Kenneth Fleet on finance, Irving Wardle on the theatre, Frances Gibb on the law, Paul Griffiths on music, Shona Crawford Poole on travel, Clifford Longley on the Church, Philip Howard on words, David Robinson on the cinema.

THE TIMES

The world's most famous newspaper (25p)

Enriching the diet

Paul Levy

HAROLD MCGEE
On Food and Cooking: The science and the lore of the kitchen
712pp. Allen and Unwin. £20.
0 04 306003 X

Man has had an intellectual interest in the food he eats for a very long time. Both the ancient Chinese and Greeks discerned a connection between diet and health, and between cookery and medicine. Until quite recently, say until Mrs Kellogg's *Science in the Kitchen* (1892), most writers on food (and drink) viewed cookery (and fermentation and distillation) sometimes as an art, sometimes as a science, and sometimes as something between the two, a rule-governed skill or craft. In the twentieth century, even in their application to food and drink, physics and chemistry have become too difficult for the non-scientist. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether many of today's "food scientists" or "food engineers" are interested in the gastronomic experiences of eating and drinking. As Alan Davidson says in his foreword to *On Food and Cooking*, "most of them" have "been sucked into the laboratories of the great food corporations, to focus on the minutiae which affect shelf life".

Books on food and drink in this century, then, have mostly been produced by and for those who view cookery as a transmissible skill. Until the publication of Harold McGee's book,

not even the most basic relevant scientific sources were available to writers on food and drink; instead they were forced to rely on an overlay of folklore and practical cooks' "tips", some of which are false. Egg whites are in fact affected by being beaten in a copper bowl; salting the flesh of aubergines and cucumbers does make a difference, though perhaps more to their texture than to their bitterness; artichokes do affect the taste buds; but searing meat does not keep the juices in, though it is desirable for other reasons having to do with the flavour imparted by browning reactions.

All these practical matters, as well as those affecting the making of emulsions and the curdling of sauces, can be scientifically explained, and what Dr McGee has given us is a non-contentious prolegomenon to any future work on food or wine. He presents this massive work in the hope that "the perspective offered by science enriches the experiences of eating and drinking". The success of the book (its American edition has had five printings so far) is due to its tone. McGee is a trustworthy guide through the bsmbles of physics and the thickets of chemistry. Moreover, as becomes apparent from his discussions of food additives and certain controversial matters of nutrition, he is not *pari passu*.

Still, one lins to ask, who is this book for, and will it make any difference? Davidson suggests that the book is aimed at writers - and cooks - who do not care about the details of the difference between *Potage à la Lucullus* and *Potage à la Rothschild*, but who "do want to tell apart

the various kinds of soy sauce" and to know "what it is in artichokes which affects the taste of wine; how the principal legumes compare with each other and with grains and so forth". The reader will also learn why onions make the cook weep, why overcooked cabbage stinks, why beans cause flatulence, why children shouldn't swallow too many apple pips, and why a diet composed entirely of raw beans ought to result in weight loss.

There are flaws, such as when McGee disparages current thinking about the role of fibre in the diet by saying, "There is probably some truth in this - actual evidence is lacking." In a work as magisterial as this, it seems quite wrong to dismiss the work of Dr Burkitt and his colleagues with a wave of the pen. Also, the American bias of the book leads to some startling emphases. Many of McGee's examples make use of confections such as the marshmallow, which play a small part in British diet; and it is hard to think of chewing-gum and bubble-gum as food. Literals and inaccuracies which appeared in the American edition have not been corrected.

Quasi-academic symposia and congresses on food and drink are now held at something like six-monthly intervals all over the world, and there is a growing community of scholars and intelligent gastronomic journalists. It can only be a matter of years before gastronomy - or at least its history - becomes an academic subject. We are very much in Harold McGee's debt for helping the subject to find its feet before it dons its cap and gown.

Against her palate fine

Jane Grigson

PATIENCE GRAY
Honey From a Weed: Fasting and feasting in Tuscany, Catalonia, the Cyclades and Apulia
374pp. Prospect Books, 45 Lamont Road, London SW10. £17.50.
0907325300
HILARY SPURLING
Ellenor Fettplace's Receipt Book; Elizabethan country house cooking
250pp. Viking Salamander. £12.95.
0948681 039

Patience Gray and Primrose Boyd's *Plais du Jour* was one of the most remarkable cookery books of the 1950s. Mrs Gray has now written a new book, *Honey from a Weed*, illustrated by Corinna Sargood in exactly the right way.

"They whom Truth and Beauty lead / Gather Honey from a Weed." Cowper's lines reflect well the kind of life that Mrs Gray and her sculptor companion have been leading for the past twenty years: "a vein of marble runs through this book. Marble determined where, how and among whom we lived; always in primitive conditions" - in Carrara, in a community of "Bronze Age" farmers in Naxos, in Catalonia and finally in the heel of Italy, out from the theatrically baroque city of Lecce. The rewards which she gained from her spartan life are described at length; the discovery of rare mushrooms; edible weeds; dishes of chicken in a sauce of fresh walnuts, garlic and parsley; perfect tomatoes and learning how to dry them in the sun, how to roll them round fennel seeds and capers and store them in oil for winter eating, like stuffed olives, with bread and good wine. There are reflections on fires and the flavour imparted by different woods, on Madame Cadec and her kitchen shop in Sobò, on the strange habit of the men of Vendrell in Catalonia of building human towers (pyramids of men topped by daring but nervous children), on fruit *mostarda*, on quinces (the excellent idea of adding a couple of slices of quince to chicken stock as flavouring), on the hard slog of the olive harvest.

Beyond the many unusual and simple recipes, this book is a summary of the best kinds of Mediterranean experience. Gray's perceptions are of a depth that is beyond the most ardent traveller on temporary leave from the north. The realization that we confront with her is that "every step forward in physical civilization has been at the same time a regression".

Although Hilary Spurling offers us another world altogether, a rich northern existence intricate with historical and social connections, her *Ellenor Fettplace's Receipt Book* and Mrs Gray's *Honey from a Weed* - surely the best of this year's food publishing? - tie in well together.

Mrs Spurling begins with a little manuscript receipt book, dated 1604, that has come down to her, through her husband's family, from Lady Ellenor Fettplace. For two centuries it was a much used manual. Then it lay on a shelf until processors and liquidizers made the book once again reasonably practical to follow. It contains some good dishes that quite belie the assumption that our ancestors had a coarser palate than we have. In her long, well-written introduction, Mrs Spurling recreates a complete world from the brief receipts and remedies - some coming from Sir Walter Raleigh and Dr Thomas Muffet (father of Little Miss Muffet) and Shakespeare's "scoo-in-law John Hall, others often from named friends and relations.

The particular organization of Appleton Manor, where the Fettplace family lived, is described month by month. Recipes from the book are points of exploration and departure; records, accounts, letters, journals, other cookery books, a vast richness, are all brought in to explain each recipe. At one point Mrs Spurling points out to us that marriage appears in her manuscript almost a century earlier than its first official printed appearance. She notes that Fordia's shopping list in *A Winter's Tale* gives the same proportions of dried fruit, spices and sugar as Lady Fettplace details in her recipe for a huge fruit cake.

Keeping an orderly house

Janet Morgan

RICHARD HOUGH
Age of Clubs: A history of the Garrick
160pp. Deutsch. £25.
0233 979751

At last, a book that tells us what men do when women aren't there - at the Garrick, at any rate. They do not, after all, discuss business (against the rules, in so far as they can be enforced) or study letters from women to whom they are not married (conversation, rather than reading, is encouraged). Nor do they play billiards and snooker (two floors too far to climb upstairs), or play cards at all enthusiastically (two tables only, in a "misshapen attic"). What they do, it turns out, is to practise an advanced form of housekeeping.

Indeed, the Garrick was established in the first place as "a subscription house" for patrons of the theatre, actors and managers, and, while the formal definition of the club's purpose was, and has remained, extremely vague, from the start (3 o'clock on October 15, 1831) the actual preoccupation of its members has been perfectly clear: the kitting-out, smooth running and general conduct of a household.

They began, as Richard Hough begins, by finding a place to settle, the Committee pronouncing on such key decisions as the source of plate and linen, the provision of books and pictures, bottles and glasses, mahogany tables (three large, eleven small) and the precise hour at which dinner would be served. ("Mr Braham recommended a cook.") In time, as happens to all households, someone suggested a move, a process which, as with all households, drove everyone to near hysteria ("things would never be the same again . . . On that same day the

cook was sacked . . ."). From 1864 the members stayed put - but they have continued to tinker happily with the arrangement of the rooms and the furniture (flat for the Secretary; bathroom next to billiard-room; tireless argument over provision of a lift - there isn't one - and use of stair-well: "I beg to endorse a protest, signed by twenty members. . . I shall be obliged by your laying the protest before the sub-committee. . ."). For members know that efficient household management is based upon effective organization and, for that, committees are required, and rotas. Mr Hough goes thoroughly into all this; his quotations from the minutes indicate how regularly these bodies meet, how conscientiously they deliberate: "April 3, 1858: Ordered that cheques be drawn . . . Baker £5.16s; Fish £12.9s.6d.; Soda Water £12.14s.6d.; gin £7 . . . July 11, 1918: supply of toast with plate discontinued . . . January 30, 1919: bread with pate removed from menu, guest charge increased to discourage their presence . . ."

Good order demands care in deciding whom to have on the premises. Over the years there has been much pondering over complicated rules about, for instance, the admission of women: only at certain times, via certain specified routes, and in trousers only if the wearer "had obviously gone home and changed for the occasion". No stranger, male or female, may enter the stairwell (see above). As for that magical transition, from stranger to member, how intricate and mysterious are the stages by which it is accomplished. "This last", Hough explains, "is the Committee's most important function, exercised with very vigilant care."

What it boils down to is that people put forward other people's names, that there is a long waiting list, and that occasionally "quiet suggestions" are made that a person will not fit in.

A gentleman's Pear of Barls

Ronald Blythe

THE BANVILLE DIARIES: JOURNALS OF A NORFOLK GAMEKEEPER 1822-44
Edited by Norma Virgoe and Susan Yaxley
224pp. Collins. £14.95.
0002176343

Rather than a diary, this is a book created around one, though it has nothing to do with the now familiar style of book-making whereby some, usually nineteenth-century, journal or album is provided with a glossy package. *The Banville Diaries* is, in fact, an important work made readable by means of a sensitive interpretation, a linking narrative and an inspired selection of pictures. A sample of the original, opaque text is offered as justification for the heavy editing. All the same, one hopes that the diaries as they were written may eventually find a publisher, as Banville's wonderfully exact words, the Irish-English confection of literacy, illiteracy, eloquence and ignorance, hard-hitting commonat and pure story-telling, would be treasure trove for the etymologist. "He got me a Pear of Barls from mansteater when I was there we had some astrs to Bat we also had som Bear with Mr Wust Mr mast keeper from Barnioham Hall" (He got me a pelt of [gun] barrels from Manchester. When I was there we had some oysters to eat. We also had some beer with Mr West, Mr Mott's keeper from Barningham Hall).

Banville's reason for keeping a diary was to show the world what it was a servant experienced particularly the actual relationship between master and man. He left all 2,000 pages of it to his master's son, requiring that it should be printed. As gamekeeper to Thomas Buxton he was to the customary awkward position of sporting and travelling companion, as well as a simple cottager on the estate. The Buxtons themselves had a somewhat complicated position in Norfolk, being the country, as the editor says, rather like a Scottish moor for their shooting, while their real centre was near London. Norfolk grandees such as the Windhams were guilty about the celebrated philanthropic Buxtons made up of Gutneys, Hoares, Erys, Buxtons and others. Banville's life as gamekeeper is a curious one when it came to rank, noted it all

Thomas Buxton treated him pretty well and captured his affection. Llewellyn Lloyd, his first employer, did not, and as a result receives in these pages a spate of insubordinate home truths very like those which Boswell deservedly suffered - and accepted - from his servant.



A farmworker in a Norfolk smock from 1905; elderly shepherds continued to wear smocks into the 1930s. The one shown here is reproduced from Diana de Marly's *Working Dress: A history of occupational clothing* (191pp. Bantam, £17.50. 0 7134 50282).

As with most diaries, Banville's fascinations because of the way in which private matters play against the history of the times. In his case there is added interest in that he was a poor Irish Catholic in the midst of very rich Quakers turned Anglicans. During his visits to Ireland he could see the changing conditions which were soon to lead to famine and the abandonment of the country by half of its population. In East Anglia starving labourers have become Luddite rioters and the Evangelical gentry are raising funds to save the heathen. Banville attends a service in the local workhouse, where the new Poor Law has separated wife and hus-

It is a firmly civilized system perfected over generations. Now and again someone unreliable has been admitted by mistake and from time to time a statutory bore is allowed in on purpose but, with these exceptions, the members are, however dashing . . . well, unexceptionable. So much so that all Mr Hough need do is give the reader an occasional list of names, so that we know - as we do, straight away - where we are.

In fact, everyone knows where he is, for even the greenest member is quickly absorbed into the way of things, gentry schooled by older inhabitants, like the one who explained to a newcomer before the First World War that members sat in the coffee room with their hats on, to emphasize the fact that it was a members' club, with each member owning a fraction of it. Or the rules and customs will be delicately, almost osmotically, transmitted by the staff: the Secretary recalls: "I had not been in the Club many months when some member quite improperly asked Barker what he thought of the new Secretary. The reply was, 'If I may say so, sir, he is absolutely identical.'"

"Staff", of course, are the pillars of comfortable domestic life, their competence and welfare a ceaseless anxiety to the Club, or, more particularly, to the Committee. Hough dedicates his book to them, and the portraits of some celebrated servants of the Club make up its central chapter. As a matter of fact, the staff seem rather more interesting than the members: one a ballroom dancer, another a poet; a carpenter-cum-fireman doubling as an expert at billiards; a bar-keeper an authority on ballistics. There was a time of "staff evenings", when members of the house committee, in black ties, reversed roles and served the staff, with games, dancing and "a good deal of merry drinking". The staff were wise, less ostentatious: here is

Barker in 1964, voting Labour. "For the Socialists, Barker? I am astonished at you." "Oh sir, I would not presume to vote with the members."

All innocent fun, a jolly doll's house, with steps up to the front door, and attics, a cellar, and good plain food and drink - lots of drink - and arguments with cook and disputes about household expenses. ("I'm sorry to begin my annual campaign against the vegetables . . .") And, even in the best regulated establishments, however good the chef and plentiful the Gentlemen's Relish, there are invariably people who are hard to please (like Marshall Hall: "I cannot understand why I am charged for bread and butter. . . I never ordered it but it was brought with my plovers' eggs . . .") and others who are faddy factors taking cocoa with meat, and the Spanish Ambassador ordering, to the horror of the chef, paella and - understandably, surely - a Spanish omelette).

All this perhaps explains why the Garrick is such an agreeable place. For its members, it is home. When they are away from it, and especially when they are in trying circumstances (appearing on television, for instance) they wear their pink and green ties as a reminder that they are bound to it; when they are there, they are celebratory and irritable by turns. They will like Mr Hough's chronicle, although they will complain that its price is far steeper than that of the Club's first history (5/- in 1948), whose pages, bound in red buckram, were also more securely anchored. Non-members need not buy this book, for it is more a sort of family scrap album, not really meant for them. They need not, however, fear to go to the Garrick, should they be invited, as they will immediately feel comfortable. Especially the women, for (and that is why they are excluded), it is just like home life, only with men in charge.

Banville's life was, on the whole, secure, but its necessities often came to him somewhat capriciously, and there can be few diaries which so exactly relate what it felt like to be both an independent spirit and a man who comprehended and accepted his condition. He existed in a radical whirl of Emancipation and also in the brutal England of the enclosures, game-laws and a torpid religion, surveying both with his sharp outsider's eye. He could never have imagined that his diary would make such a handsome debut, Lord Buxton's introduction and all.

Wondrous necessary men

Raymond Carr

CHRISTOPHER PLATT
The Most Obliging Man in Europe: Life and times of the Oxford scout
138pp. Allen and Unwin. £10.95.
0 04 9410172

For Oxford men afflicted with nostalgia, the Professor of Latin American History at their old University has produced an irresistible book; not least on account of its superb illustrations. It describes Oxford (and to a lesser extent Cambridge) from the point of view of the college scouts - the servants who looked after eight or so students and the odd don with rooms on a staircase. It was scouts, as well as the dons, who made Oxford what it was for its junior members. Dons get a dribbling at Christopher Platt's hands. Drunk in the eighteenth century, often ineffective afterwards - no Seolur Tutor would now scribble away while the Bursar addressed a college meeting - frequently snobbish, they exhibited, before the enlargement of Governing Bodies, all the blitheness of small, claustrophobic communities. Yet in the 1920s, conscientious teachers and learned for the most part, they were to the Olympian figures or splendid eccentrics. Not so now. They are either academic brachios or television personalities.

It was the scouts who supported the privileged life of pre-war undergraduates. At Christ

Church I had three rooms; the scout lit two fires daily, brought hot water morning and evening in a brass can, laid out one's clothes and brought breakfast to the room.

I do not share the view of Goronwy Rees that it was the Depression of the 1930s that destroyed the self-confidence of privilege, making outbursts of aristocratic barbarism exercises in bad taste; in the late 1930s there was still mayhem in the House after a Loder's dinner. Conspicuous waste survived with the credit extended by accommodating Oxford tradesmen. As working-class Tories (some of them), scouts tolerated the often outrageous and inconsiderate behaviour of their charges. Occasional rebellion against a system that mirrored a class-ridden larger society assumed muted forms. My old tutor, Patrick Gordon Walker, was given increasingly tepid hip baths by his overworked scout. As Professor Platt shows, it was widening wage differentials, no longer diminished by large tips, that made potential college servants turn towards the assembly lines of Cowley, while the advance of technology (gas fires, hot water etc) was, in any case, replacing them in their essential functions. After the post-Second World War social revolution, the Gentleman's Gentleman was somehow out of place.

It is deeply moving that Professor Platt's essay in social history is dedicated to the late Fred Wainley. As the Steward of St Antony's he carried over to a new foundation the traditions of an older order, some shards of which, thank God, survive the onslaughts of progress.

Exotic excursions

Lachlan Mackinnon

ROY GERARD
Sir Cedric Rides Again
Gollancz. £5.95.
0 575 03752 0
JAMES CLAVELL
Thump-O-moto: A fantasy
Designed and illustrated by George Shurp
89pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £9.95.
0 340 380114 4
MICHAEL PALIN, ALAN LEE and RICHARD
SEYMOUR
The Mirrorstone
Cape. £7.95.
0 224 02408 6
LINDA ARNOLD
The Incredible Exploits of Remington E.
Angus and Robertson. £5.95.
0 207 15014 1

In his second book about Sir Cedric, Roy Gerard's verse bounces along cheerfully as he tells how Sir Cedric, Lady Mithila, their daughter Edwina the Fair and her admirer Hubert the Hopeless set off to Jerusalem for a break, how the ladies are captured by Abdul the Heavy on the way and are freed by Hubert. "So think about Hubert the Hero / and the story behind his new name - / Though reluctant to fight, still a gentle lad might / end up covered in glory or fame." The illustrations are lively, rather in the Noggin the Nog mould, but the moment when the captive ladies "feared a fate worse than death" is troubling. Abdul tells Edwina that she will be "wife twenty-three" while one plump bare-breasted girl whispers laughingly behind her hand to another. The sexual and racial undertones unsettle because they distract from the story and invite speculation and inquiry more mature than the likely readership, a misjudgment which leaves a faintly unpleasant taste, as does the heavy humour of James Clavell's *Thump-O-moto*. The framing story, of the polo-stricken (we take it - the disease is never named) Patricia and her Australian family is moving, but not so the inner story, that of her magical cure, which is achieved on a journey with the diminutive Thump-O-moto. Japanese wizards who say "dear-O-dinimotto" depend on a familiar stereotype which undoes the story's potential

exotic power. What could have been of a piece with the Japanese; the English wizard Charles Rednosebeardrinker is a diminutive Tom Bombadil, but here at least the stock pot is native. Detestable as the practice of censoring past literature for racism and sexism is, it should be said that each of these books needlessly perpetuates stereotypes irrelevant to its narrative in a gratingly abusive way.

It is with pleasure that one turns to *The Mirrorstone*, another magical fantasy, this time gripping and imaginatively expansive. The book is quite good enough not to need its gimmick, seven holograms printed on to the page. Each serves a narrative function, but like the Barclaycard bird they force the page to be held at an angle to be seen properly, and the fun of seeking them out and watching them move detracts from the tale's flow. Palin's fall through the bathroom mirror, his capture by an evil wizard, the terrifying journey he is sent on for the mirrorstone of the title, are engrossing, and his rescue by the girl Mary, whose intervention returns him to this world, is emotionally engaging. This could have been extended into a good young reader's novel, and I rather wished it had been, given the irritating way one finds oneself missing to reach the next hologram to find out what it would show. It is to be hoped that too much emphasis is not laid on the book's incorporation of modern technology and that Michael Palin's story will not be forgotten more quickly than it deserves.

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Teaching and preaching

Blake Morrison

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Bodley Head. £5.25.
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ing food, having tantrums but generally failing to be attractively wicked. This might not matter too much if the story's rhyming quatrains (abc) were better handled, but they are rhythmically inept:

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Tracey Campbell Pearson's *A Was an Apple Pie* gives an ingenious lift to the traditional alphabet rhyme by managing to be both a book and a chart or frieze: children can turn the pages one by one or else pull them out to make an ABC across the wall. The illustrator copes attractively not only with sequence as a whole, which gains a narrative force in her manic drawings, but with its more taxingly abstract lines ("I inquired about it . . . V valued it"). Inevitably, though, the more active lines work best ("J jumped over it K kicked it"), making one look forward to a full-scale, "Bad Babies" re-working of the original.

The Emperor's New Clothes, Hans Andersen's moral tale of the Emperor who gradually contrives his own public humiliation and learns how to behave royally in his worst hour, is finely illuminated by Dorothea Duntze (North-South/Blackie. £6.95. 0 200 72888 1). As befits the Emperor, this is a large-format book with elegant, vertical compositions. With two exceptions, each page opening has a full plate in subdued, lightly applied colour, opposed by black-and-white drawings, stippled so finely that they have the quality of etchings. Throughout, Duntze is collaborating rather than competing with Andersen. Her controlled use of decoration, the statuesque stances, the plausible characterizations - those serious, trustworthy looking rogues - intriguing details of rituals, games and costume complement his text with grace and wit.

Jan Doonan

TLS Listings

A comprehensive weekly selection of new and forthcoming books received by the TLS

The TLS Listings provides full publication details of those books received each week by the TLS which seem to fall within the main interests of our readers. Children's books, foreign-language books and paperback reprints of recent works are not, however, included. We regret that we cannot answer telephone enquiries or enter into correspondence about individual and exclusions.

Anthropology

Dandridge, Satadal Cast Kinship and Community: Social systems of a Bengal caste
Sangam. 290pp. £12.95. 0 86131 699 2. 15/12/86.

Art, including photography

Corn, Richard A Persistent Vision Art of the reservation days: The L.D. and Ruth Bax collection of the Denver Art Museum
Denver Art Museum, illus. by Seattle: Washington UP. 198p. illus. £35 (hardcover), \$19.95 (paperback). 0 295 9628 6 (hc), 0 295 96429 9 (pb). 12/12/87.

Johnson, Leo The Paintings of Eugene Delacroix: A critical catalogue, 1825-1863, vol. 3: Text, vol. 4: Plates
Oxford: Clarendon. 370pp., plates. 2 vols. £14. 0 19 817378 4. 18/12/86.

Johnson, Thomas L., and Philip C. Dunn, editors A Two Likenesses: The Black South of Richard Samuel Roberts, 1920-1936
Columbia, SC: Brevard Clark/Chapel Hill, NC: Algonquin. 200pp., illus. \$34.95 (hardcover), \$19.95 (paperback). 0 912697 48 2 (hc), 0 912697 50 4 (pb). 15/11/86.

Wynne, Michael Later Italian Paintings in the National Gallery of Ireland: The 17th, 18th and 19th centuries
Dublin: National Gallery of Ireland. 147pp., plates. £235. 0 903162 31 6 (hc), 0 903162 33 4 (pb). 11/12/86.

Bibliography

Catalogue of the 17th Century Italian Books in the British Library, 3 vols.
British Library. 1229pp. £150. 0 7123 0065 1. 11/86.

Short-Title Catalogue of French Books 1470-1600 in the British Library, supplement
British Library. 291pp. £5. 0 7123 0064 3. 11/86.

Short-Title Catalogue of Italian Books 1465-1600 in the British Library, supplement
British Library. 122pp. £25. 0 7123 0065 4. 11/86.

Woolmer, J. Howard, introduction by Mary E. Gellher A Checklist of the Hogarth Press 1917-1946
Winchester: St Paul's Bibliographies/Revere, PA: Woolmer/Brookerson. 250pp. £30/£45. 0 906795 38 9. 12/12/86.

Biography, including letters and diaries

Addy, Premen Indira Gandhi: India's woman of destiny
Sangam. 104pp. £9.95. 0 86132 137 5. 15/12/86.

Carl, Katherine Augusta, introduction by Karl O'Connor The Empress Dowager of China (Pacific Basin Books; 1st pub. 1906)
KPI, UK distr. Routledge and Kegan Paul, US distr. New York: Methuen. 306pp. £7.95 (paperback). 0 7103 0218 5. 4/12/86.

Chrangie, Andrew, introduction by Cecilia Tietel The Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie (1st pub. 1920)
Barns: Woodburn UP. 375pp. £25.50 (hardcover), £9.50 (paperback). 1 55553 000 1 (hc), 1 55553 001 X (pb). 8/12/86.

Edmunds, Ruth Dudley Victor Gallucci: A Biography
Gollancz. £22. 0 575 0172 4. 15/12/87.

Huntingdon, Eileen The Unsuspected Account: An autobiography
Severn House. 225pp. £9.95. 0 7278 3083 8. 11/86.

Loveland, Anne C. Lillian Smith: A Southerner confronting the South
Louisiana State UP. 249pp. £19.15. 0 8071 1343 3. 1/87.

Macaulay, Neil Don Pedro: The struggle for liberty in Brazil and Portugal, 1798-1834
Durham, NC: Duke UP. 361pp. £11.90. 0 8223 0681 0.

Pearson, Hesketh, introduction by Anthony Burgess A Life of Shakespeare (1st pub. 1912)
Hamish Hamilton. 279pp. £7.95 (paperback). 0 241 12006 3. 18/12/87.

Pearson, Hesketh, introduction by Allan Massie Walter Scott: His life and personality (1st pub. 1954)
Hamish Hamilton. 295pp. £6.95 (paperback). 0 241 12005 1. 18/12/87.

Rampersad, Arnold The Life of Langston Hughes, vol. 1: 1902-1941: I, too, sing America
Oxford UP. 468pp. £22.50. 0 19 504011 2. 8/1/87.

Business

Anderson, Christopher The Po-Po Principle: A survival guide to office politics
Pen. 122pp. £2.50 (paperback). 0 330 29110 5. 14/1/87.

Parsons, W.J. Improving Marketing Performance: A Manager's Guide. 164pp. £19.50. 0 566 02395 7. 8/1/87.

Timpe, A. Dale Motivation of Personnel
Aldershot: Gower. 309pp. £25. 0 566 02619 8. 18/12/86.

Classics

Sonnet, translated by Frederick Ahl Modes (Masters of Latin Literature series)
Ithaca, NY: Cornell UP. 116pp. \$6.55 (paperback). 2 vols. Hardcover set \$43.45. 0 8014 9432 7 (hc), 0 8014 9432 X (pb). 8/12/86.

Sonnet, translated by Frederick Ahl Phaedra (Masters of Latin Literature series)
Ithaca, NY: Cornell UP. 122pp. \$6.55 (paperback). 0 8014 9433 8. 8/12/86.

Sonnet, translated by Frederick Ahl Trojan Women (Masters of Latin Literature series)
Ithaca, NY: Cornell UP. 122pp. \$6.55 (paperback). 0 8014 9433 8. 8/12/86.

Economics

Bauman, Victor A., editor Critical Issues in Urban Economic Development vol. 1 (Urban Cities Research Programme Series)
Oxford: Clarendon/Economic and Social Research Council. 235pp. £22.50. 0 19 823265 7. 4/12/86.

Rea, Ralph Economy, Class, Society
Sangam. 290pp. £6.95 (paperback). 0 86131 426 X. 15/12/86.

Wallis, Kenneth F., editor Models of the UK Economy: A third review by the ESRC
Macroeconomic Modelling Bureau
Oxford UP. 209pp. £22.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 19 823583 X (hc), 0 19 823584 1 (pb). 18/12/86.

Fiction

Balley, Hilary Mrs Mulvaney (1st pub. 1978)
Pavane. 192pp. £2.50 (paperback). 0 330 29622 1. 9/1/87.

Campbell, Ramsey The Hungry Moon (Century Fantasy and S.F.)
Century. 293pp. £9.95. 0 7126 1441 9. 8/1/87.

Egleston, Clive Pictures of the Year
Hodder and Stoughton. 256pp. £9.95. 0 340 40191 5. 12/1/87.

Erlichman, John The China Card
Bantam. 523pp. £11.95. 0 593 01256 9. 22/1/87.

Frankland, Mark Richard Robertovich
Murray. 216pp. £9.95. 0 7195 4330 4. 9/1/87.

Klein, T.E.D. Dark Gods
Pan. 259pp. £2.50 (paperback). 0 330 29114 7. 9/1/87.

Leavitt, David The Lost Language of Candles
Yiking. 319pp. £10.95. 0 070 81290 0. 12/1/87.

Levin, Jenny The Trial of Simon Oviat
Robinson. 256pp. £9.95. 0 86072 107 8. 12/1/87.

Liben, Meyer, introduction by Ted Solotaroff Justice
Hungry: A short novel and nine stories
New York: Schocken, UK distr. Clio Distribution. 259pp. £7.50 (paperback). 0 8052 0804 0.

MacDonald, John D. Barrier Island
Hodder and Stoughton. 229pp. £9.95. 0 340 39952 X. 19/1/87.

Matthew, Christopher Family Matters (The Memoirs of Simon Crisp)
Hodder and Stoughton. 223pp. £9.95. 0 340 39437 4. 12/1/87.

McCallister, Anne Narita's Story and The Coolish
Hammers. 192pp. £9.95. 0 593 01043 4. 22/1/87.

Riis, Iwan David Reasoning
Hemlock. 259pp. £10.95. 0 434 655303. 2/9/87.

Tack, Alfred The High Quality Manager
Williamsons. 201pp. £3.95 (paperback). 0 7045 0166 5. 18/1/87.

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Jentil, P.C., translated by Joan Tate, afterword by
Jentil. 288pp. £20.35 (hardcover), £9.30 (paperback). 0 8052 2565 5. 31/12/86.

Levi, Pierre, translated by Clara Bell, introduction by
Levi. 191pp. £10.95. 0 356 14616 2. 15/12/86.

Levin, Jenny The Divorce Handbook (Rights Guides)
Allison and Busby. 180pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 85031 724 X. 15/1/87.

Sobinov, Vladimir, translated by Dmitri Nekovov The
Endgame
Kodex. 127pp. £8.95. 0 330 29666 3. 9/1/87.

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Richardson, J.S. Hispaniae: Spain and the
development of Roman Imperialism, 218-82 BC
Cambridge UP. 218pp. £25. 0 521 32183 2. 18/12/86.

Smy, Ronald The Augustan Aristocracy
Oxford: Clarendon. 504pp. tables. £40. 0 19 814859 3. 8/1/87.

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Cox, P.R., editor The Early Records of Medieval
County (Records of Social and Economic History.
New Series XI)
Oxford UP/British Academy. 450pp. £72. 0 19 720503 1. 12/1/86.

Martin, Janet Treasure of the Land of Darkness: The
intrigue and its significance for medieval Russia
Cambridge UP. 277pp. £27.50/£39.50. 0 521 32019 4. 12/1/86.

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Bly, C.A., and D.H.A. Kolff, editors Two Colonial
Empires: India and Indonesia in the 19th century
(Comparative Studies in Overseas History, 6)
Dordrecht: Kluwer. 237pp. 90 247 3274 3.

Clarke, Peter Hell and Paradise: The Norfolk
"Boat" - Picaresque saga
Viking. 189pp., illus. £15.95. 0 070 81251 7. 29/1/87.

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Resistance to Hungary 1942-1944 (Holocaust Studies
Series, East European Monographs, 206)
Boulder, CO: Social Science Monographs, distr. by
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Indigenous Labour Before and After Slavery
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(A Bradford Book)
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Complete Works of Christopher Marlowe, vol. 1:
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Oxford: Clarendon. 314pp. £45. 0 19 81878 3. 18/12/86.

Melvi, Dieter Geoffrey Chaucer: An introduction to his
narrative poetry
Cambridge UP. 243pp. £25 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 521 26339 7 (hc), 0 521 31888 2 (pb). 18/12/86.

Mukherjee, Arun The Gospel of Wealth in the
American Novel: The rhetoric of Dreiser and some of
his contemporaries
Croom Helm. 229pp. £19.95. 0 7099 4049 X. 12/86.

Oderman, Kevin Ezra Pound and the Erotic Medium
Durham, NC: Duke UP. 158pp. £19.15. 0 8223 0672 7. 1/87.

Selstrom, A. Donald Cornicelli. Tasso and Modern
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Columbia: Ohio State UP. 166pp. \$18. 0 8142 0410 4. 10/86.

Weber, Harold M. The Restoration Rako-Hero:
Transformations in sexual understanding in 17th
century England
Wiscarsup UP. 253pp. £27.50. 0 299 10690 X. 15/1/87.

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Curth, Hayden Sitting In: Selected writings on jazz,
blues, and related topics
Iowa City: Iowa UP. 192pp. \$22.50. 0 87745 153 2.

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Keany, Anthony The God of the Philosophers (1st
pub. 1979)
Oxford: Clarendon. 135pp. (hardcover), £6.95 (paperback). 0 19 824934 7 (hc), 0 19 824935 3 (pb). 18/12/86.

Pincoff, Edmund L. Quandaries and Virtues: Against
reductivism in ethics
Lawrence: Kansas UP. 186pp. \$19.95. 0 7006 0308 5. 11/12/86.

Smart, J.J.C. Essays Metaphysical and Moral:
Selected philosophical papers
Oxford: Blackwell. 312pp. £25. 0 631 15246 6. 8/1/87.

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Ackroyd, Peter The Diversions of Purley and Other
Poems
Hamish Hamilton. 74pp. £8.95. 0 241 11994 4. 19/1/87.

Calishy, Heather, et al. Squid Inc 86
Willowdale, Canada: Squid. 95pp. (paperback). 0 892125 1 3. 11/1/86.

Cole, Richard The Glass Children (The Contemporary
Poetry Series)
Georgia UP. 49pp. \$13.95 (hardcover), \$0.95 (paperback). 0 8203 0872 2 (hc), 0 8203 0873 0 (pb). 18/1/86.

Dae, Kamala The Gid Playhouse and Other Poems
(1st pub. 1973)
Orion Longman, UK distr. Sangam. 54pp. £4.50. 0 86123 169 5. 15/12/86.

Fehsthal, Elzabe Badlands (Hutchinson Poets)
Hutchinson. 54pp. £5.95 (paperback). 0 09 165740 7. 13/1/86.

Hollander, John In Time and Place (Johns Hopkins
Poetry and Fiction series)
Johns Hopkins UP. 101pp. £12.95 (hardcover), £6.25 (paperback). 0 8018 3392 2 (hc), 0 8018 3393 0 (pb). 28/1/86.

Shirley, Alida Chinese Architecture
Georgia UP. 76pp. \$13.95 (hardcover), \$6.95 (paperback). 0 8203 0870 0 (hc), 0 8203 0871 1 (pb). 18/1/86.

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Dawkins, Aedon The Arab Radicals
New York: Council on Foreign Relations. 171pp. \$17.50. 0 87009 019 6 (pb). 11/2/86.

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Ardan, Andrew The Homeless Person's Handbook
(Rights Guides)
Allison and Busby. 208pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 85031 716 9. 15/1/87.

Jackson, John, introduction by Robert Maxwell Malice
in Wonderland: Robert Maxwell v. "Private Eye"
Macdonald. 191pp., illus. £10.95. 0 356 14616 2. 15/12/86.

Levin, Jenny The Divorce Handbook (Rights Guides)
Allison and Busby. 180pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 85031 724 X. 15/1/87.

Literature and criticism

Anetko, Michael "Friction with the Market": Henry
James and the profession of authorship
Oxford UP. 258pp. £21.50. 0 19 504034 1. 11/1/87.

Brothhead, Richard B. The School of Hawthorne
Oxford UP. 254pp. £22.50. 0 19 504022 8. 11/1/87.

Cope, Jackson I. Robert Coover's Fictions
Johns Hopkins UP. 151pp. £14.90. 0 8018 3365 5. 13/1/87.

Dayan, Peter Mallarmé's "Divine Transposition":
Sources of literary value (Oxford Modern Languages
and Literature Monographs)
Oxford: Clarendon. 226pp. £27.50. 0 19 815841 6. 18/12/86.

de Beauville, James S. Tales of the Samurai (Pacific
Basin Books; 1st pub. 1975)
KPI, UK distr. Routledge and Kegan Paul, US distr. New
York: Methuen. 483pp.

Exotic excursions

Lachlan Mackinnon

RIFY GERRARD
Sir Cedric Rides Again
Gollancz, £5.95.
0 1575 03752 0
JAMES CLAVELL
Thump-O-moto: A fantasy
Designed and illustrated by George Sharp
89pp. Hodder and Stoughton, £9.95.
0 340 38014 4
MICHAEL PALIN, ALAN LEE and RICHARD SEYMOUR
The Mirrorstone
Cape, £7.95.
0 224 02408 6
LINDA ARNOLD
The Incredible Exploits of Remington E.
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In his second book about Sir Cedric, Roy Gerrard's verse bounces along cheerfully as he tells how Sir Cedric, Lady Matilda, their daughter Edwina the Fair and her admirer Hubert the Hapless set off to Jerusalem for a break, how the Indians are captured by Abilul the Heavy on the way and are freed by Hubert. "So think about Hubert the Hero and the story behind his new name - / Though reluctant to fight, still a gentle lad might / end up covered in glory or fame." The illustrations are lively, rather in the Noggins the Mog mould, but the moment when the captive ladies "feared a fate worse than death" is troubling. Abilul tells Edwina that she will be "wife twenty-three" while one plump bare-breasted girl whispers laughingly behind her head to another. The sexual and racial undertones unsettle because they distract from the story and invite speculation and inquiry more mature than the likely readership, a misjudgment which leaves a faintly unpleasant taste; as does the heavy humour of James Clavell's *Thump-O-moto*. The framing story, of the polo-stricken (we take it - the disease is never named) Patricia and her Australian family is moving, but not so the inner story, that of her magical cure, which is achieved on a journey with the diminutive Thump-O-moto. Japanese wizards who say "dear-O-dinimotto" depend on a familiar stereotype which undoes the story's potential

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But those REO stripes give him away.
Waylayway is a feeble rhyme; William, confusingly, is shown in red and white stripes; and the most obvious and satisfying place for the colour which the toddler must guess - the second rhyme-word - is perversely avoided. The babies are not much naughtier in illustration than text. What is bad is the book's squandering of a bright idea.

Tracey Campbell Pearson's *A Was an Apple Pie* gives an ingenious lift to the traditional alphabet rhyme by managing to be both a book and a chart or frieze: children can turn the pages one by one or else pull them out to make an ABC across the wall. The illustrations cope attractively not only with sequence as a whole, which gains a narrative force in her make drawings, but with its more taxingly abstract lines ("I inquired about it... I valued it"). Inevitably, though, the more active lines work best ("J jumped over it K kicked it"), making one look forward to a full-scale, "Bad Babies" re-working of the original.

The Emperor's New Clothes, Hans Andersen's moral tale of the Emperor who gradually convinces his own public humiliation and learns how to behave royally in his worst hour, is finely illuminated by Dorothea Duntee (North-South/Blackie, £5.95, 0 200 72888 1). As before the Emperor, this is a large-format book with elegant, vertical compositions. With two exceptions, each page opening has a full plate in subdued, lightly applied colour, opposed by black-and-white drawings, stippled so finely that they have the quality of etchings. Throughout, Duntee is collaborating rather than competing with Andersen. Her controlled use of decoration, the statuesque stances, the plausible characterizations - those serene, trustworthy looking rogues - intriguing details of rituals, games and costume complement his text with grace and wit.

Jane Downes

TLS Listings

A comprehensive weekly selection of new and forthcoming books received by the TLS

The TLS Listings provides full publication details of those books received each week by the TLS which seem to fall within the main interests of our readers. Children's books, foreign-language books and paperback reprints of recent works are not, however, included. We regret that we cannot answer telephone enquiries or enter into correspondence about inclusions and exclusions.

Anthropology

Danquha, Satadul Caste Kinship and Community: Social systems of a Bengali caste
Sangam, 29pp, £12.95, 0 86131 683 2, 15/12/86.

Art, including photography

Cass, Richard A Persistent Vision: Art of the century days: The L.D. and Ruth Bax collection of the Premier Art Museum
Dover Art Museum, dist. by Seattle: Washington UP, 198pp, illus, \$15 (hardcover), \$19.95 (paperback), 0 293 96438 6 (hc), 0 293 96429 4 (pb), 12/1/87.
Johnson, Lee The Paintings of Eugene Delacroix: A critical catalogue, 1832-1863, vol. 3: Text; vol. 4: Plates
Oxford: Clarendon, 370pp, plates, 2 vols, £14, 0 19 817378 4 (hc), 0 19 817378 5 (pb), 12/1/86.
Johnson, Thomas L., and Philip C. Dunn, editors A True Likeness: The work of Sir John Russell and Richard Samuel Roberts, 1920-1936
Columbia, SC: Bracken/Clark/Chapel Hill, NC: Algonquin, 200pp, illus, \$34.95 (hardcover), \$19.95 (paperback), 0 912697 48 2 (hc), 0 912697 50 4 (pb), 15/1/86.
Wynne, Michael Later Italian Paintings in the National Gallery of Ireland: The 17th, 18th and 19th centuries
Dublin: National Gallery of Ireland, 147pp, plates, 16c, 0 903162 32 6 (hc), 0 903162 33 4 (pb), 11/2/86.

Bibliography

Catalogue of 17th Century Italian Books in the British Library, 3 vols.
British Library, 122pp, £150, 0 7123 0063 1, 1/1/86.

Short-Title Catalogue of French Books 1470-1600 in the British Library, supplement
British Library, 29pp, £5, 0 7123 0064 3, 1/1/86.
Short-Title Catalogue of Italian Books 1465-1600 in the British Library, supplement
British Library, 152pp, £25, 0 7123 0094 5, 1/1/86.
Woolner, J. Howard, introduction by Mary E. Galtner A Checklist of the Hogarth Press 1917-1946
Wiltshire: St Paul's Bibliographical Review, PA: Woodbury/Brotherman, 250pp, £39.45, 0 908795 38 9, 19/12/86.

Biography, including letters and diaries

Addy, Premes Indira Gandhi: India's woman of destiny
Sangam, 104pp, £9.95, 0 86132 137 5, 15/12/86.
Cari, Katherine Augusta, introduction by Koert O'Connor With the Emperor Overquer of China (Pacific Basin Books; 1st pub. 1966)
KPI, UK distr. Routledge and Kegan Paul, US distr. New York: Methuen, 306pp, £7.95 (paperback), 0 7103 0218 5, 4/12/86.
Carnegie, Andrew, introduction by Cecilia Tietz The Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie (1st pub. 1920)
Boston: Northeastern UP, 375pp, £25.50 (hardcover), £9.50 (paperback), 1 55553 000 1 (hc), 1 55553 001 2 (pb), 1/1/86.
Edwards, Ruth Dudley Victor Gollancz: A biography
Gollancz, 782pp, £20, 0 575 03175 1, 15/1/87.
Huntingdon, Eugene The Unsettled Account: An autobiography
Severn House, 225pp, £9.95, 0 7278 2085 0, 1/1/86.
Laveland, Anne C. Lillian Smith: A Southerner confronting the South
Louisiana State UP, 296pp, £19.15, 0 8071 1343 3, 1/87.
Maceday, Neil Dom Pedro: The struggle for liberty in Brazil and Portugal, 1798-1834
Oxford: Clarendon, 369pp, £31.50, 0 8223 0681 6, 1/1/86.
Pearson, Hesketh, introduction by Anthony Burgess A Life of Shakespeare (1st pub. 1942)
Hamish Hamilton, 209pp, £7.95 (paperback), 0 241 22006 3, 10/1/87.

Pearson, Hesketh, introduction by Allan Massie Walter Scott: His life and personality (1st pub. 1954)
Hamish Hamilton, 280pp, £6.95 (paperback), 0 241 22005 3, 10/1/87.
Rampersad, Arnold The Life of Langston Hughes, vol. 1: 1902-1941: I, too, sing America
Oxford UP, 468pp, £22.50, 0 19 504011 2, 8/1/87.

Business

Andersen, Christopher The Po-Po Principle: A survival guide to office politics
Pan, 122pp, £2.50 (paperback), 0 330 29116 5, 14/1/87.
Parsons, W.J. Improving Marketing Performance
Aldershot: Cower, 164pp, £19.50, 0 366 02395 7, 8/1/87.
Timpie, A. Dale Motivation of Personnel
Aldershot: Cower, 369pp, £25, 0 366 02619 8, 18/12/86.

Classics

Seneca, translated by Frederick Ahl Medea (Masters of Latin Literature series)
Ithaca, NY: Cornell UP, 116pp, \$6.55 (paperback), 3rd, vol. hardcover set \$43.45, 0 8014 16647 7 (hc), 0 8014 9432 X (pb), 8/12/86.
Seneca, translated by Frederick Ahl Phaedra (Masters of Latin Literature series)
Ithaca, NY: Cornell UP, 122pp, \$6.55 (paperback), 0 8014 9433 8, 8/12/86.
Seneca, translated by Frederick Ahl Trojan Women (Masters of Latin Literature series)
Ithaca, NY: Cornell UP, 122pp, \$6.55 (paperback), 0 8014 9432 X, 8/12/86.

Economics

Bauser, Victor A., editor Critical Issues in Urban Economic Development, vol. 1 (Urban Cities Research Program Series)
Oxford: Clarendon/Economic and Social Research Council, 235pp, £22.50, 0 19 82266 7, 4/12/86.
Bair, Robert Empowerment, Class, Society
Sagepub, 294pp, £9.95 (paperback), 0 80151 420 X, 1/1/87.

Wallis, Kenneth F., editor Models of the UK Economy: A third review by the ESRC
Macroeconomic Modelling Bureau
Oxford UP, 209pp, £22.50 (hardcover), £9.95 (paperback), 0 19 828385 X (hc), 0 19 828384 1 (pb), 18/12/86.

Fiction

Bailey, Hilary Mrs Mulvaney (1st pub. 1978)
Pavane, 192pp, £2.95 (paperback), 0 330 29622 1, 9/1/87.
Campbell, Ramsey The Hungry Moon (Century Fantasy and S.F.)
Century, 289pp, £9.95, 0 7126 1441 9, 8/1/87.
Egleston, Clive Picture of the Year
Hodder and Stoughton, 256pp, £9.95, 0 340 40191 5, 12/1/87.
Ehrleiman, John The China Card
Bantam, 523pp, £11.95, 0 593 01256 9, 22/1/87.
Frankland, Mark Richard Robertovich
Murray, 216pp, £9.95, 0 7195 4330 4, 8/1/87.
Klein, T.E.D. Dark Gods
Pan, 259pp, £2.50 (paperback), 0 330 29714 7, 9/1/87.
Leavitt, David The Last Language of Cranes
Viking, 319pp, £10.95, 0 670 81290 0, 12/1/87.
Lévy, Janet The Trial of Søren Øst
Robt Clark, 256pp, £9.95, 0 86572 107 8, 12/1/87.
Lloyd, Mervyn, introduction by Ted Sotolowoff Justice
New York: Schocken, UK distr. Clio Distribution, 299pp, £7.50 (paperback), 0 8032 6804 6, 12/1/86.
MacDonald, John D. Barrier Island
Hodder and Stoughton, 229pp, £9.95, 0 340 39552 X, 19/1/87.
Matthew, Christopher Family Matters (The Memoirs of Simon Clay)
Hodder and Stoughton, 223pp, £9.95, 0 340 39437 4, 12/1/87.
McCarthy, Anne Norika's Story and The Coal
Hamish, 192pp, £9.95, 0 593 01043 4, 22/1/87.
Kurt, Ivan Dead Reckoning
Hamish, 229pp, £10.95, 0 434 65350 3, 2/2/87.
Tack, Alfred The High Quality Manager
Wiley, 201pp, £5.95 (paperback), 0 7045 0349 5, 15/1/87.

TLS Listings

Fiction in English translation

Jellid, P.C., translated by Joan Tate, afterword by Hans Stähler Children's Island
Routledge UP, 288pp, £20.35 (hardcover), £9.30 (paperback), 0 8032 2569 5, 11/12/86.
Lall, Pierre, translated by Clara Bell, introduction by Koert O'Connor Tahiti: The Marriage of Loli (Pacific Basin Books; 1st pub. 1980)
KPI, UK distr. Routledge and Kegan Paul, US distr. New York: Methuen, 217pp, £6.95 (paperback), 0 7103 0231 2, 4/12/86.
Nabokov, Vladimir, translated by Dmitri Nabokov The Invincible
Fiction, 127pp, £5.95, 0 330 29666 3, 9/1/87.

History, ancient

Richardson, J.S. Hispania: Spain and the development of Roman imperialism, 218-82 BC
Cambridge UP, 218pp, £25, 0 521 32183 2, 18/12/86.
Syme, Ronald The Augustan Aristocracy
Oxford: Clarendon, 304pp, tables, £40, 0 19 81439 3, 8/1/87.

History, medieval

Cass, P.R., editor The Early Records of Medieval County (Records of Social and Economic History, New Series XI)
Oxford UP/British Academy, 450pp, £72, 0 19 726038 1, 8/1/86.
Martin, Janet Treasures of the Land of Oarkness: The fur trade and its significance for medieval Russia
Cambridge UP, 277pp, £27.50/\$39.50, 0 521 32019 4, 11/12/86.

History, modern

Bytt, C.A., and D.H.A. Kolff, editors Two Colonial Empires: India and Indonesia in the 19th century (Comparative Studies in Overseas History, 6)
Dordrecht: Nijhoff, UK and N. Amer. distr. Lancaster and Hingham, MA: Kluwer, 237pp, \$0 247 3274 3.
Clarke, Peter Hall and Paradise: The Norfolk "Bounty" Fictitious saga
1978, 188pp, illus, £15.95, 0 670 81521 7, 29/1/87.
Cohen, Asher, translated by Carl Albert The Halutz Resistance in Hungary 1942-1944 (Holocaust Studies Series, East European Monographs, 205)
Boulder, CO: Social Science Monographs, dist. by Columbia UP, 277pp, \$30, 0 88033 103 8, 12/12/86.
Emswiler, P.C., editor Colonialism and Migration: Indentured Labour Before and After Slavery (Comparative Studies in Overseas History, 7)
Dordrecht: Nijhoff, UK and N. Amer. distr. Lancaster and Hingham, MA: Kluwer, 303pp, \$0 247 3253 0.
Evans, Richard J., and Dick Geary, editors The German Unemployed: Experiences and consequences of mass unemployment from the Weimar Republic to the Third Reich
Oxford: Clarendon, 314pp, £29.95, 0 7099 0941 1, 12/86.
Lynch, Michael, editor The Early Modern Town in Scotland
Oxford: Clarendon, 262pp, £27.50, 0 7099 1677 9, 12/86.
Magnusson, Manly Out of Silence: Church of Scotland Woman's Guild, 1887-1987
Edinburgh: St Andrew, 144pp, £3.95 (paperback), 0 8152 0600 1, 15/1/87.
Wickham, Clements, edited by Clive Holland Antarctic Obsession: The British National Antarctic Expedition, 1901-4
Routledge/Barnes/Jarvis: Barnes, 179pp, illus, £14.95, 0 948285 09 5, 1/1/86.

McNay, Arthur F. The Fisherman's Problem: Ecology and law in the California fisheries 1850-1980
Cambridge UP, 368pp, £35, 0 521 32427 0, 11/12/86.
Rostler, Margaret L. Women in the Resistance
New York: Praeger, 251pp, 0 03 003338 2 (hc), 0 03 003339 0 (pb), 12/1/86.

Rapp, Ernest Gordon Religion in England 1688-1791 (Oxford History of the Christian Church)
Oxford: Clarendon, 584pp, £45, 0 19 826918 8, 18/12/86.

Steiner, Zara S. The Foreign Office and Foreign Policy, 1898-1914, revised edition
Athlone Press, US distr. Atlantic Highlands, NJ: Humanities Press, 264pp, \$15 (paperback), 0 948560 00 7.

Williams, Michael E. St Alban's College, Valladolid: Four centuries of English Catholic presence in Spain
Harvard UP, 312pp, £27.50, 0 674 88330 6, 12/86.

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Harvard UP, 312pp, £27.50, 0 674 88330 6, 12/86.

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Williams, Michael E. St Alban's College, Valladolid: Four centuries of English Catholic presence in Spain
Harvard UP, 312pp, £27.50, 0 674 88330 6, 12/86.

Law

Arden, Andrew The Homeless Person's Handbook (Rights Guides)
Allison and Busby, 208pp, £4.95 (paperback), 0 85031 716 9, 15/1/87.
Jackson, John, introduction by Robert Maxwell Malice in Wonderland: Robert Maxwell v. "Private Eye"
Macdonald, 191pp, illus, £10.95, 0 350 14616 2, 15/12/86.
Levin, Jenny The Divorce Handbook (Rights Guides)
Allison and Busby, 110pp, £4.95 (paperback), 0 85031 724 X, 15/1/87.

Literature and criticism

Anzelco, Michael "Friction with the Market": Henry James and the profession of authorship
Oxford UP, 258pp, £21.50, 0 19 504034 1, 1/1/87.
Brothhead, Richard H. The School of Hawthorne
Oxford UP, 254pp, £22.50, 0 19 504032 8, 1/1/87.
Cope, Jackson I. Robert Coover's Fictions
Johns Hopkins UP, 151pp, £14.90, 0 8018 3365 5, 13/1/87.
Dayan, Peter Mallarmé's "Olive Transposition": Sources of literary value (Oxford Modern Languages and Literature Monographs)
Oxford: Clarendon, 226pp, £27.50, 0 19 815841 6, 18/12/86.
de Beauville, James S. Tales of the Samurai (Pacific Basin Books; 1st pub. 1915)
KPI, UK distr. Routledge and Kegan Paul, US distr. New York: Methuen, 485pp, £7.95 (paperback), 0 7103 0233 9, 4/12/86.

Deoghe, Denis We Irish: The selected essays of Denis Deoghe, vol. 1
Brighton: Harvester, 275pp, £25, 0 7108 1001 3, 27/1/86.

Dumke, Peter Poetic Individuality in the Middle Ages 1100-1150, 2nd edition (Publications in Medieval Studies, vol. 1; 1st pub. 1970)
University of London, 243pp, £9.50, 1 870059 00 X.

Lewis, Leon Henry Miller: The major writings
New York: Schocken, UK distr. Clio Distribution, 247pp, £16.15, 0 8052 3952 9.

Marlowe, Christopher, edited by Roma Gill The Complete Works of Christopher Marlowe, vol. 1: Translations
Oxford: Clarendon, 314pp, £45, 0 19 81878 3, 18/12/86.

Mehl, Dieter Geoffrey Chaucer: An introduction to his narrative poetry
Cambridge UP, 243pp, £25 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback), 0 521 26839 7 (hc), 0 521 31888 2 (pb), 18/12/86.

Mukherjee, Arun The Oospel of Wealth in the American Novel: The rhetoric of Dreiser and some of his contemporaries
Croom Helm, 299pp, £19.95, 0 7099 4669 X, 12/86.

Odeniahi, Kevin Ezra Pound and the Erotic Medium
Durham, NC: Duke UP, 158pp, £19.15, 0 8223 0672 7, 1/87.

Sellström, A. Donald Cornelie, Tasso and Modern Poetics
Columbus: Ohio State UP, 166pp, \$18, 0 8142 0410 4, 10/86.

Weber, Harold M. The Restoration Rake-Hero: Transformations in sexual understanding in 17th-century England
Wiscasset: UP, 253pp, £27.50, 0 289 10690 X, 15/1/87.

Music

Carroll, Rayden Sitting In: Selected writings on jazz, blues, and related topics
Iowa City: Iowa UP, 192pp, £22.50, 0 87745 153 2, 1/1/86.

Philosophy

Kenny, Anthony The Ood of the Philosophers (1st pub. 1979)
Oxford: Clarendon, 135pp, (hardcover), £6.95 (paperback), 0 19 824594 7 (hc), 0 19 824598 3 (pb), 18/12/86.

Planchet, Edmund L. Quarandars and Virtues: Against reductionism in ethics
Lawrence: Kansas UP, 186pp, \$19.95, 0 7006 0368 5, 11/12/86.

Smart, J.J.C. Essays Metaphysical and Moral: Selected philosophical papers
Oxford: Blackwell, 312pp, £25, 0 631 15246 6, 1/1/87.

Poetry

Acquoy, Peter The Diversions of Purley and Other Poems
Hamish Hamilton, 74pp, £8.95, 0 241 11994 4, 19/1/87.

Caddy, Heather, et al. Squid Inc 86
Willowdale, Canada: Squid, 95pp, (paperback), 0 891125 1 3, 1/1/86.

Cole, Richard The Glass Children (The Contemporary Poetry Series)
Georgia UP, 49pp, \$13.95 (hardcover), \$6.95 (paperback), 0 8203 0872 2 (hc), 0 8203 0873 0 (pb), 15/1/86.

Das, Kamala The Old Playhouse and Other Poems (1st pub. 1973)
Oxford Longman, UK distr. Sangam, 54pp, £4.50, 0 86125 169 5, 15/12/86.

Felstater, Elaine Badlands (Hutchinson Poets)
Hutchinson, 54pp, £5.95 (paperback), 0 09 146740 7, 15/1/86.

Hollander, John In Time and Place (Johns Hopkins: Poetry and Fiction series)
Johns Hopkins UP, 101pp, £12.95 (hardcover), \$6.25 (paperback), 0 8018 3392 2 (hc), 0 8018 3393 0 (pb), 28/1/86.

Shelley, John Chinese Architecture
Stanley UP, 76pp, \$

AMONG THIS WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS

- Beryl Bullock's *Filthy Lucre: Or the tragedy of Andrew Ledwith and Richard Sawley* was published recently.
- T. J. Blythe is a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford.
- Ronald Blythe's most recent book is *Divine Landscapes*, which will be reviewed in the forthcoming issue of the TLS.
- Arabella Boxer is Food Editor of *Vogue*.
- Julian Budden's *Verdi*, 1984, in the Master Musicians series, has recently been reissued in paperback. He is working on a study of Puccini.
- Roger Cardinal's books include *Expressionism*, 1984.
- Humphrey Carpenter is the author of *W. H. Auden: A biography*, 1981, and *O. U. D. S.: A century history of the Oxford University Dramatic Society*, 1985. His *J. R. R. Tolkien: A biography* was published in 1977.
- Raymond Carr is Warden of St Antony's College, Oxford. His books include *The Spanish Tragedy: The Civil War in perspective*, 1977, and *Modern Spain*, 1980.
- Arne Chisholm's most recent book is *Faces of Hiroshima*, 1985.
- Derek Cooper is Chairman of the Guild of Food Writers, and presenter of *The Food Programme* on Radio Four. His most recent book is *The Ginge File*, which was published earlier this year.
- Jonathan Dancy is a lecturer in Philosophy at the University of Keele.
- Winton Dean is the author of *Handel and the Opera Series*, 1965, and *Georges Bizet*, 1970.
- Rosemary Dinnage's *Annie Besant* was published recently.
- Howard Erskine-Hill's books include *The Social Milieu of Alexander Pope*, 1976, and *The Augustan Idea in English Literature*, 1985.
- Gavin Ewart's most recent collection of poems, *The Complete Little Ones*, has just been published.
- Peter Favett is a lecturer in French at the University of Leicester.
- John Felton is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. The second volume of his *Musical and Poetical in Sixteenth-Century Mania* was published in 1982.
- Dominique Goy-Blanquet is Professor of Elizabethan Theatre at the University of Amiens. Her *Le Roi d'au: Histoire d'Henri VI de France* has recently been published.
- Jane Grigson's cookery books include *Good Things*, 1971.
- Brad Hooker is Assistant Professor of Philosophy at Virginia Commonwealth University, Richmond, Virginia.
- Eric Korn is an antiquarian bookseller in London.
- Christopher Lawrence is a lecturer in the History of Medicine at the Wellcome Institute, London.
- Paul Levy is Food and Wine Editor of the *Observer*. His most recent book, *Out to Lunch*, was published earlier this year.
- Henry Mox-Morley is a Fellow of St Peter's College, Oxford.
- Janet Morgan's most recent book is *Agatha Christie: A biography*, 1984.
- D. Z. Phillips's books include *Relief, Change and Forms of Life*, which was published earlier this year.
- J. V. Pickstone is Director of the Wellcome Unit for the History of Medicine at the University of Manchester.
- Peter Porter's most recent collection of poems is *Fast Forward*, 1984.
- S. S. Prawer is President of the British Comparative Literature Association. His *Frankenstein's Island: England and the English in the writings of Heinrich Heine* has recently been published.
- Curtis Price is Reader in Historical Musicology at King's College, London. His *Critical Score of Purcell: Dido and Aeneas* was published recently, and *Henry Purcell and the London Stage* in 1984.
- Peter Reading's *Essential Reading*, and his new collection of poems, *Net*, were both published recently.
- Oliver Reynolds's collection of poems *Sherington's Daughter* was published last year.
- Joseph Rykwert is the author of *The First Moderns: The architects of the eighteenth century*, 1980, and *The Necessity of Artifice*, 1982. His most recent book is *The Brothers Adams: The men and the style*, 1985.
- Julian Symons's book about the origins of literary modernism will be published next year.
- Stephen Wall is a Fellow of Keble College, Oxford.
- Rosamund Watson is Assistant Keeper of the National Art Library of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

FIFTY YEARS ON

The TLS of December 26, 1936, carried a review of André Gide's *Retour de l'U.R.S.S.*, from which these extracts are taken:

Three years ago M. Gide publicly declared his sympathy for the Soviets. The occasion was hailed with great rejoicing by those in the camp of the extreme Left, who saw in his conversion the symbol of an intellectual reorientation of the Western countries. During the summer of 1936, M. Gide went to Russia. He has returned passionately enthusiastic and bitterly disenchanted.

What he admired were the technical achievements of industry and relaxation – the factories, the Parks of Culture, the Holiday Camps and such-like. Of all these things we have been told by other visitors – and of the spirit of comradeship, the keenness, the friendliness, the boastfulness of the world's most recently enfranchised citizens. Primarily, however, it was as a psychologist that the author made his trip, and the value of his report lies in the

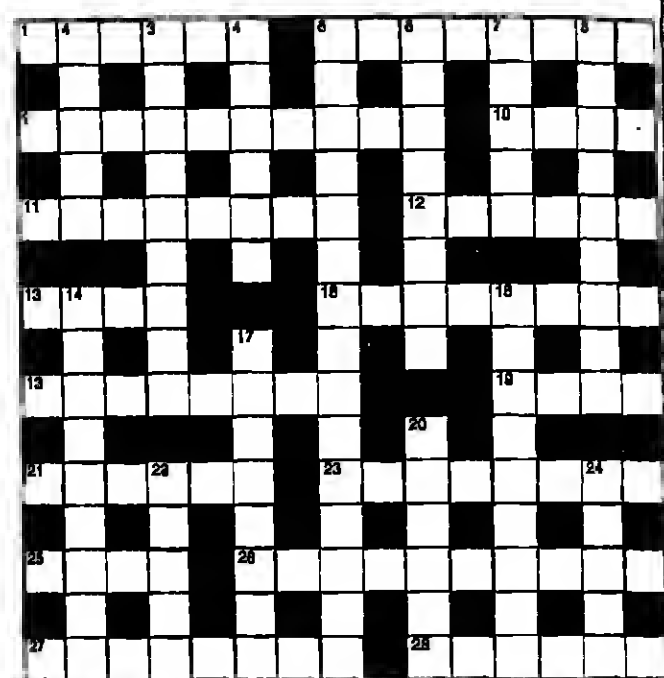
psychological deductions which it contains... With remarkable frankness – given the degree of his favourable predisposition, and his still unshaken faith in Marxist doctrine, he says:

... je doute qu'en aucun pays où j'ai été dans l'Allemagne de Hitler, l'esprit soit moins libre, plus courtois, plus vaillant.

Everywhere he found the necessity and the will to conform, in daily life, in the arts, in education and in research. The revolution has been stabilized, Stalin is withdrawn into an almost regal seclusion, the new bourgeoisie is emerging, and criticism can be no longer tolerated... Minds have been "conditioned" until they submit even before submission is demanded. Nowhere in the world, says M. Gide, do people remain young so long as in Soviet Russia, and though for him the comment is one of fervor of approval, we may be pardoned from seeing in it a judgment of conditions which other minds might differently interpret.

TLS Crossword No 46

A prize of £20 is offered for the first correct solution opened on January 9. Entries should be addressed to TLS Crossword, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The winner of Crossword No 45 is B. Jackson, 9 Longridge Road, London SW5 9SB.



Across

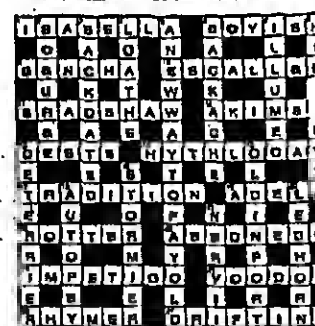
- 1 Speeches not wholly audible, though one part is (6)
- 5 An apple plucked early in the Old Testament. (8)
- 9 Woman constable? One in fiction having a titled husband. (4,6)
- 10 Webster: one who kept a pair of weaver-birds? (4)
- 11 Rabbit displays anxiety facing gypsy. (8)
- 12 Author of "A Plea for Trifling", traditionally a roaming Romeo. (6)
- 13 Toilets, for example? Number and name unknown. (3-1)
- 15 Best local creek for sticklebat expert. (8)
- 18 Nucleus of biblical book – goodness etc, not (8)
- 19 Son of 10; I'm in Joyce's *Two Tales*, though there's a hush about me. (4)
- 21 School for heroes. (6)
- 23 Trained, like Sir Robert's whistler. (8)
- 25 Butcher's mate in cracking crib, long in Barlinnle. (4)
- 26 Rudely insult a rat? Not he! (10)
- 27 Hater of these and dogs not wholly bad, declared Fields. (8)
- 28 This has little King in pain, cause of his death. (6)

Down

- 2 One in Shakespeare, William, lover of Audrey? (5)
- 3 Dad's rusty, dishevelled friend of Antiquary. (9)

- 4 Milton's host of the evening Bishop in support. (6)
- 5 Formidable Headmistress's sister gives boot to detective. (6,9)
- 6 Unique old palace's black medic, we hear. (8)
- 7 Aristotle on source of Water Poet's work. (5)
- 8 Awful downfall! Longfellow's old man warned against. (9)
- 14 Move to outwit a Knight in play. (9)
- 16 What Herrick claimed to be? One who weeps about an animal. (9)
- 17 Faith sustained one o'er Geneva, Hope characterized another. (8)
- 20 Right in the centre is this form of hamartia, according to Aristotle. (6)
- 22 Old money provided by backer. (5)
- 24 Two letters from the Rhineland. (5)

Solution to Crossword No 45



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